

# THE LIVING AGE.



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Volume XXIV. }

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{ From Beginning  
Vol. CXLII. }

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(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES  
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FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCKLII.



## CARDINAL NEWMAN AND THE NEW GENERATION.

Many a time as I have sat in my library, facing the thirty-six volumes in which Cardinal Newman collected such of his writings as he specially wished preserved, I have asked myself what will be his place eventually as a thinker and a teacher. Two books<sup>1</sup> recently published may perhaps help towards an answer. One is from the pen of Lady Blennerhassett, unquestionably the most considerable exponent just now of the culture of Catholic Germany. The other we owe to Dr. William Barry, a master in theology and in philosophy, in history and in romantic fiction, who, as unquestionably, is the foremost representative of Catholic intellect in this country. I shall proceed to give a brief account of each.

Lady Blennerhassett's work, as its title-page states, is "a contribution to the history of the religious development of the present day." It is, she tells us in its introductory pages, a study of Newman designed to present the outlines of his life and teaching to

German readers. She does not write merely for Catholics. She remarks, quite truly, that unswerving as was Newman's allegiance to the Church in which he found the true home of his religious convictions, his sympathies were not confined to that fold; and notes how, after outliving the inevitable reaction of feeling against him, following upon his submission to Rome, he had the consolation of finding his way back to souls dear to him (*den Weg zu den ihm theueren Seelen zurück zu finden*) and how he gradually won the affection and reverence of his countrymen at large. It is to German readers in general that she wishes to make Newman better known; and I cannot doubt that her work, skilfully planned and admirably executed, will be received with the appreciative favor always shown in her own country to this accomplished writer.

It would be beside my present purpose, and would take me far beyond my present limits, to give a detailed ac-

<sup>1</sup> "John Henry Kardinal Newman, ein Beitrag zur religiösen Entwicklungsgeschichte der Gegenwart," von Charlotte Lady Blenner-

hassett. Berlin, 1904. "Newman," by William Barry. London, 1904.

count of Lady Blennerhassett's book. I wish rather to indicate the judgment which she has been led to form of Newman as a thinker and a teacher. "If it be asked," she writes, "what spiritual influence has been mightiest and most enduring on the religious culture of the Anglo-Saxon world, from the middle to the end of the last century, the answer is not doubtful. The generation whose cradle-song Byron and Shelley sang, for which Coleridge philosophized, and Sir Walter Scott discovered a vanished world, and Carlyle and Macaulay wrote history, the generation to which John Stuart Mill exhibited the Utilitarian teaching, and Darwin introduced a new view of nature, names the name of John Henry Newman as that of the man who most deeply influenced the feelings, most strongly stirred the souls of men. To the last day of a life of ninety years, this influence was exclusively religious; but it was exercised by one who held the foremost rank, both in the intellectual province and in literature." Such is the judgment of this highly gifted woman upon Newman. And, as she points out, it is now being accepted far beyond the limits of the English-speaking peoples. For the last twenty years, she observes, the more thoughtful minds of French divines have increasingly appreciated the true way of treating the explication of religious doctrine unfolded in the *Essay on Development* and the *Grammar of Assent*; and the present theological progress in France, she considers, is due, if not in its results, yet in its method, to Newman.

Dr. Barry's book is modelled upon a very different plan from Lady Blennerhassett's. He writes for a public well acquainted with, at all events, the outlines of Newman's career, and not altogether ignorant of his works. The number of careful and conscientious students of his writings among us is

perhaps not very large; such students are always rare. But probably there are few cultivated Englishmen and Englishwomen who have not read the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*; and some of his verses are among the most popular of our religious poems. Dr. Barry is concerned with his intellectual life, and with the external accidents of his career, the texture of his beliefs, and the moments at which they were acquired, only as illustrating and illuminating his literary development. He deals with Newman as a great English classic, regarding him, however, not from a merely English but from a European point of view. But with Newman literature was not an end in itself; it was a great means to a greater end. A deeply, one may say, a naturally religious mind, he from the first discerned that his vocation was prophetic. This comes out strikingly in some verses addressed by him to his brother Frank in the year 1826:

Dear Frank, we both are summoned  
now

As champions of the Lord:  
Enrolled am I; and shortly thou  
Must buckle on the sword:  
A high employ, not lightly given,  
To serve as messenger from heaven.

"To serve as messenger from heaven."  
What, then, according to Dr. Barry,  
was Newman's message?

Dr. Barry's answer to that question may be read at large in his brilliant pages, and especially in the two chapters entitled *The Logic of Belief* and *Newman's Place in History*. All I can do here is to give, in a very compressed form, some outlines of it:—

Newman realized, as others did not, that Christianity was fading away from the public order; that Christians would be called upon more and more to exercise their individual judgment, to mix in a society no longer Catholic or Protestant, but free-thinking as was the later Roman Empire, sceptical yet

superstitious, corrupt yet polished; and he began to provide against the evil day. His policy would have gone upon lines, novel as regarded the immediate past, now irrecoverable, but identical with those by which Clement, Origen, Basil, and the early Fathers had guided their course under heathen rule. It was a programme for to-morrow which implied great and permanent losses, not pleasant to think of, a reliance on energy instead of routine, and what many took to be a change of front. By this time Darwin had published his "Origin of Species"; the Bible criticism familiar to Germany since Lessing, had put out feelers in "Essays and Reviews"; Colenso was applying his arithmetic to the Pentateuch; Hegel had been heard of in Oxford. Newman was alive to the signs of the times; he read and gave them a meaning. Events have shown that he was not deceived.

So much, in general, as to Newman's attitude of mind. And now let us look, more closely, at a portion of his teaching. All his life long, as he said in his address at the Palazzo della Pigna, on receiving the Cardinal's hat, he had opposed what he called Liberalism in religion, meaning by Liberalism, as Dean Church happily puts it, "the tendency of modern thought to destroy the basis of revealed religion, and, ultimately, of all that can be called religion at all." The question, then, which he asked himself was this: "What must be the face-to-face antagonist by which to withstand and baffle the fierce energy of passion and the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious inquiries?" To answer that question he falls back on personality as "the key to truth."<sup>2</sup>

"He takes himself," writes Dr. Barry, "for granted, his nature, faculties, instincts, and all that they imply. Metaphysicians have commonly started

from the universal to arrive at the particular; but he, who is not of their sect, reverses the process. . . . 'Let concretes come first,' he exclaimed, 'and so-called universals second.' He went back to the days of childhood, when he was 'alone with the Alone'; and on this adamant basis of reality he set up his religion. . . . The inevitable, though commonly unrecognized, premiss of all reasoning is each man's individual nature, so that if a multitude agree, still it is because every one finds in himself a motive for assenting to the view taken by all. Whether the motive be weak or valid we do not now inquire. But what of the process? In many books it is described as an art—the art of logic—and rules have been given for its proper exercise. Newman, as we might expect, denies this old position, at least in its accepted form. 'Reasoning,' he says, 'is a living spontaneous energy within us, not an art.' . . . Revelation is an accommodation to our weakness, an 'economy,' in its nature unequalled to that which it bodies forth. And as is the object, so is the evidence. 'Almost all reasons formally adduced in moral inquiries are rather specimens and symbols of the real grounds, than those grounds themselves.' They are 'hints towards the true reasoning, and demand an active, ready, candid, and docile mind, which can throw itself into what is said, neglect verbal difficulties, and pursue and carry out principles.' Defenders of Christianity, however, are tempted to 'select as reasons for belief, not the highest, the truest, the most sacred, the most intimately persuasive, but such as best admit of being exhibited in argument, and these are commonly not the real reasons in the case of religious men.'

"It would be difficult to name a controversial divine who had ever made these admissions before Newman; to the unphilosophical, of whom Froude or Kingsley was a type, they would seem to border on scepticism, to conceal infinite reserve, and to furnish bigotry with weapons of offence. New-

<sup>2</sup>It has been profoundly observed by Dr. Barry that Newman's view of personality is

essentially Carlyle's doctrine of heroes "wearing its academic robes."

man was engaged upon two inquiries, for which the shallow enlightenment of an age when Bentham was a prophet and Macaulay a preacher could not be prepared. He was grappling with the idea of Evolution and the fact of the Unconscious. So have they been termed since; in his language we must call the one 'development,' the other 'implicit reason.' His claim to be original in philosophy rests on discoveries to which zeal for theology impelled him. . . . Newman held that 'It is the mind which reasons, and not a sheet of paper'; but he went a step beyond this judgment upon artificial logic when he brought in as auxiliaries emotion, instinct, and the will to believe. This was escaping from literature to life, subordinating science to action, or rather testing presumptive knowledge by its behavior in contact with realities; the world was now the school, whereas religious apologists had taken their narrow little classroom for the world. In this truly Aristotelian spirit Newman, after some thirty years of meditation, set about writing, with infinite pains, his *Grammar of Assent*.

"Ten times he went over some of its chapters, we are told; over the last, perhaps twenty times. It bears the marks of revision in a certain weariness which broods upon its pages, and will scarcely compare with the great Oxford Sermons where he handles the same topics. But its wisdom, depth, significance, and pathos make of it a work such as St. Augustine might have offered to a century like our own. It is philosophy teaching by experience. How man ought to arrive at certitude has been the subject of many an ambitious treatise. How, in concrete matters, he does arrive at it, was Newman's concern."

In reading over these extracts, I have a sort of guilty feeling, as though I had mutilated the admirable pages (114-191) whence they are taken. Still they will, I think, convey to my readers the main outlines of Dr. Barry's argument, and I trust will lead many of them to study it at length in his own volume. I add to my citations

a few lines in which he sums up his estimate of Newman's work:—

Newman was to be the Christian prophet and philosopher of the coming century. "By the solitary force of his own mind," to quote J. A. Froude, he has not only restored Catholicism in the English-speaking world to a place and power which it might seem hopelessly to have lost; he has also reacted on the mental habits of those whom he joined by teaching them a language they could not have gained without him, modelling afresh their methods of apologetics, making known to the Roman schools a temper of philosophy and style of argument which promise a common ground, a forum or an agora, between North and South where, at least, they may discuss with understanding, and by drawing their eyes to the abyss of the unknowable which must ever lie beneath our most certain affirmations.

The fragments of Dr. Barry's work which I have just cited will suffice to indicate both its philosophical depth and its literary excellence. I shall now go on to set down a few thoughts which it suggests to me concerning Newman's place as a thinker and a teacher.

Let me put it in this way. We live in an age when all first principles once generally held in the Western world are called in question; when what is designated "the right of private judgment" is freely exercised, not only by the wise and learned, but by the foolish and ignorant; when the man in the street, who, according to Carlyle's contemptuous estimate, is really capable to judge of little save the merits of the coarser kinds of stimulants, confidently gives sentence on all things in heaven and earth. Authority once deemed conclusive is discredited and impotent. "Dost thou not think that thou art bound to believe and to do?" the *Church Catechism* asks of the neophyte. *Bound to believe and to do?* The smallest

Board School boy would resent the suggestion as an outrage upon the Nonconformist conscience to be met with passive resistance. The obligation now generally recognized is not to believe and to do, but to examine—hopelessly incompetent as the vast majority of people are for the task. It is true, however, that in this province, as in all others of human life, men are gregarious. They follow a few leaders—there is no help for it. They take their beliefs, their principles of action, on trust, while fondly imagining that the notions which have drifted into their heads originated there. The trend of thought is determined by a few thinkers. The number of Germans capable of intelligently appreciating the Kantian philosophy has ever, probably, been extremely small. And yet it is not too much to say that Kant wrought the moral regeneration of his country.<sup>3</sup> Now, Newman, as it appears to me, is doing as great a work for England as Kant did for Germany.

It would probably be difficult to bring together two names representing minds more differently constituted: Newman, "an Alexandrian who wrote in English, if ever there was one," as Dr. Barry happily remarks, a literary artist whose prose is unmetrical poetry, a mystic, a saint; and Kant, a Teutonized Scotchman, dry, hard, unemotional, unspiritual—a critic whose judgments are delivered in what is probably the most repelling diction ever achieved by man. The contrast is very like that between the Platonic demiurgus and an analytical chemist. And yet the analogies between their teachings are most curious and significant.<sup>4</sup> To draw out

this in detail would be impossible here. I can only touch in passing upon a few instances. How striking, then, is the identity of their testimony regarding Theism and Immortality. "Belief in God and in another world," writes Kant, "is so interwoven with my moral nature that the former can no more vanish than the latter can be torn from me." The words of Newman seem to come as an echo of this deep saying: "The existence of a God of Judgment is as certain to me as my own existence; it is the great truth of which my whole being is full." "We have a direct and conscious knowledge of our Maker." Both Kant and Newman offer the most strenuous opposition to those schools of thought which teach that there is no knowledge *a priori*, and there are no truths cognizable by the mind's inward light and grounded on intuitive evidence, that sensation and the mind's consciousness of its own acts are not only the exclusive sources but the sole materials of our knowledge. One signal merit of Kant's philosophy, as it seems to me, consists in the abundant light which he has thrown upon personality, enabling us to see clearly its fundamental characteristic—a self-consciousness involving self-determination and the power of making our desires an object of our will. This cardinal fact of personality, as we saw just now, is the very foundation upon which Newman builds. Kant conceives of the moral law—not, according to a widely popular misconception of his teaching, as a higher self, but—as an independent reality which entering into a man evokes the higher self within him. And

<sup>3</sup> This will perhaps appear to some of my readers a great deal too much to say. I may be permitted to refer such to pp. 167–172 of my volume, "Essays and Speeches," for that vindication of it which my space does not allow me to enter upon here.

<sup>4</sup> Newman, who knew no German, was quite unacquainted with Kant, at all events up to

1884. "I have never read a word of Kant," he wrote to me in that year. I am told by a common friend that subsequently he perused translations of the "Critiques of the Pure" and the "Practical Reason," pen in hand—that was his usual way—and made some notes on them.



this conception underlies Newman's teaching, though he carries morality to the height of sanctity and passes through ethics to holiness. "The Divine Law," he writes, "the rule of ethical truth, the standard of right and wrong, a sovereign, universal, absolute authority in the presence of men and angels, is the Divine Reason, or Will of God, and this law as apprehended in the minds of individual men is called conscience." Newman and Kant, whatever the dissimilarity of their intellectual constitutions, the difference of their phraseology, the divergence of their beliefs, were apostles of the moral law. And that is what I meant when I said just now that Newman is doing for this day a work similar to Kant's a century before.

Yes; this is the main line of Newman's teaching, to which all segments of it must be referred. Man was for him a *person*, that is, an ethical being, marked off by that unique and supreme distinction from

the beast that takes  
His licence in the field of time,  
Unfettered by the sense of crime,  
To whom a conscience never wakes.

Man, alone, of all animals "born under the law of virtue," is endowed with conscience, a Deity within him, as Menander sang centuries ago, in words where we seem to hear "the Spirit of the years to come yearning to mix himself with life." For the old Hellenic moralists conceived of goodness rather than rightness as the rule of duty. They busied themselves in inquiries about the *summum bonum*. The word "ought" did not mean for them what it means for us. Even in Aristotle the faculty of conscience, though implied, receives no explicit recognition; he gives no adequate account of its categorical imperative, of the ethical *dei*. It was the ascetic element in Stoicism which led men more sharp-

ly to distinguish the good from the pleasurable, and to discern the absolute character of the moral law. But Christianity, which has been truly said to have in some sort unveiled human nature to itself, has revealed the full import of the word. Its significance for us represents the ethical advance of the modern world over the Hellenic. When Newman began to preach and to teach, the school of Bentham was high in popular favor: a school the outcome of whose doctrines was the cancellation of that advance. Denying that good and evil are of the will, resolving morality into a long-sighted selfishness, it sought—and that in the name of progress!—to undo the work of the noblest of ancient philosophies and of the most august of all religions. The Physicists, who came later, went further than the Utilitarians. They declared by the mouth of Darwin that "the imperious word ought" implies merely the existence of persistent instincts; that a man ought to speak the truth in the sense in which a pointer ought to point, a retriever to retrieve, a hound to hunt. Doctrines such as these stirred the spirit of Newman within him. It was his life-work to combat them.

"All through my day," he writes, "there has been a resolute warfare, I had almost said conspiracy, against the rights of conscience. Literature and science have been embodied in great institutions in order to put it down. Noble buildings have been reared as fortresses against that spiritual, invisible influence which is too subtle for science and too profound for literature. Chairs in Universities have been made the seats of an antagonist tradition. Public writers, day after day, have indoctrinated the minds of innumerable readers with theories subversive of its claims. As in Roman times, and in the middle age, its supremacy was assailed by the arm of physical force, so now the intellect is put in operation to sap the foundations of a power which the

sword could not destroy. We are told that conscience is but a twist in primitive and untutored man; that its dictate is an imagination; that the very notion of guiltiness, which that dictate enforces, is simply irrational, for how can there possibly be freedom of will, how can there be consequent responsibility, in that infinite eternal network of cause and effect, in which we helplessly lie? And what retribution have we to fear, when we have had no real choice to do good or evil?

"So much for philosophers; now let us see what is the notion of conscience in this day in the popular mind. There, no more than in the intellectual world, does 'conscience' retain the old, true Catholic<sup>2</sup> meaning of the word. There too the idea, the presence, of a Moral Governor is far away from the use of it, frequent and emphatic as that use of it is. When men advocate the rights of conscience, they in no sense mean the rights of the Creator, nor the duty to Him, in thought and deed, of the creature; but the right of thinking, speaking, writing, and acting according to their judgment or their humor, without any thought of God at all. They do not even pretend to go by any moral rule, but they demand, what they think is an Englishman's prerogative, for each to be his own master in all things, and to profess what he pleases, asking no one's leave, and accounting priest or preacher, speaker or writer, unutterably impertinent, who dares to say a word against his going to perdition, if he like it, in his own way. Conscience has rights because it has duties; but in this age, with a large portion of the public, it is the very right and freedom of conscience to dispense with conscience, to ignore a Lawgiver and Judge, to be independent of unseen

obligations. . . . Conscience is a stern monitor, but in this century it has been superseded by a counterfeit, which the eighteen centuries prior to it never heard of, and could not have mistaken for it if they had."

To these doctrines Newman opposed the august teaching that conscience, a constituent element of the mind, is a Divine Voice speaking in the nature and heart of man; the internal witness both of the existence and the law of God; a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas: to every individual man the rule and measure of duty. But the individual is not in truth the *individuum vagum* of Rousseau's abstraction; he is organically connected with other men in a polity civil or ecclesiastical; he is found not in solitude—*unus homo nullus homo*—but in society. And society lives by law which, rightly conceived of, is an expression of the same reason that speaks through the voice within. I need hardly observe that the principle of authority enters everywhere; into every field of human thought and of human action. And it is as necessary as it is universal; necessary as an aid to the individual conscience. Conscience, Newman points out, in a striking passage of the *Grammar of Assent*, is like a clock—"It may be said to strike the hours; but it will strike them wrongly unless it be regulated." It is a guide fully furnished for its office; but it cannot exercise that office without external assistances. One of these assistances is furnished by authority.<sup>3</sup> And here

<sup>2</sup> As a matter of fact, Newman's view of conscience is not precisely that of the Catholic schoolmen. He goes beyond them in regarding it as a distinct faculty, which is also the teaching of Butler and of Kant.

<sup>3</sup> It may interest some readers to know that Mr. Gladstone did not think "a religion of authority incompatible with freedom of thought," as appears from the subjoined letter addressed by him to me on the 29th of January, 1882. In acknowledging it, I expressed

regret at having misunderstood him, gave references to passages in his Vatican pamphlets to which the misunderstanding was due, and asked if I should publish the correspondence. He replied that just then—at that time he was Prime Minister—he had "no desire to appear in the field of even friendly controversy," but left it to me to deal later as I might think fit with his letter—which, I am sorry to say, I forgot all about until I came upon it, casually, a few days ago. It is as

arise practical difficulties in the religious as in all other provinces, the solution of which is by no means always easy. The question of authority *versus* conscience was for years—indeed, I may say, during his whole life—before Newman, and it seems to me difficult to imagine anything wiser than his treatment of it. A recent writer has called Origen “the very type of the true combination of reverence of authority with the active spirit of inquiry and courageous facing of difficulties.” Surely these words of Professor Stanton most aptly characterize Cardinal Newman.

A religion, Newman has observed, in his *Grammar of Assent*, “is not a proposition, but a system: it is a rite, a creed, a philosophy, a rule of duty, all at once.” Yes, it is all these; but, as he insisted long before he was a Catholic, “It has ever been an assertion of what we are to believe”; and it is this first of all. “Bound to believe” is the very preamble of its message. And, to quote the words of *Loss and Gain*, it was because he found in Rome, and in Rome only, a competent authority to tell him what to believe, that he submitted to the Catholic Church. This is the burden of his book on Development. “There can be no combination on the basis of truth without an organ of truth,” “a supreme authority ruling and reconciling individual judgments by a divine right.” If conscience is the subjective organ of religion, the

Church is its objective organ. But what if the two come in conflict? What if ecclesiastical authority requires us to accept statements which go against our conscience; statements which, after the best and most careful exercise of our judging faculty, appear to us erroneous? Well, I cannot deny—how can I, with history before me?—that cases may arise in which boldly to speak the truth, in opposition to ecclesiastical authority, and if necessary to suffer for it, is a bounden duty: *tempus est loquendi*. “There are,” to quote the words of Burke, “times and circumstances in which not to speak is at least to connive.” But they are rare. If there is a time to speak, there is also a time to keep silence: *tempus est tacendi*. We must be always intellectually loyal to what we believe to be the truth—that is certain. But obedience is a virtue as well as veracity. It is never safe to go against conscience. It is always dangerous to defy that consentient judgment which theologians call the *sensus fidelium*. In practice there are two questions to be considered. Is the view of which we think ourselves so assured really a certitude, or is it merely a more or less probable opinion? And if it is really a certitude, does there lie upon us the obligation to publish it *hic et nunc*? Lord Acton, in one of his recently published *Letters*<sup>7</sup> speaks of “the deadly taint of a conscience perverted by authority.” Such perversion is, of course, possible. His-

follows:—“Your interesting article in the ‘Contemporary Review,’ for February ‘has a passage, marked by courtesy and evident sincerity, in which you have, I am sure unwittingly, fallen into error concerning an opinion of mine to which you do me the honor to refer. I have never laid it down, or believed, that a religion of authority is incompatible with freedom of thought. Forty-three years ago I was severely criticised by Lord Macaulay, in the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ for having maintained the exact contrary, which I have at all times held, and have variously endeavored to set forth, as, for example, within the last few years, in articles published in the

‘Nineteenth Century’ respecting Sir George Lewis’s work on the influence of authority in matters of opinion.”

<sup>7</sup> My regard and reverence for my deceased friend compel me to express my deep sense of the wrong done to his memory by the publication of these documents, many of which, written in his haste, or, as the Vulgate has it, in his excess (“*Dixi in excessu meo*”), by no means represent his calm and deliberate judgment upon the subjects with which they deal, as I have reason to know, and convey a quite false impression of one of the truest and most loyal of men.

tory unquestionably exhibits instances of it. History exhibits far more numerous instances of a conscience perverted by vanity and self-will. Cardinal Newman held that ordinarily the rule is patience, and in quietness and confidence to leave the issue to time:—

Time, which solves all doubt,  
By bringing Truth, his glorious daughter, out.

They were very favorite lines with him. One lesson he found writ large on ecclesiastical annals, namely, this:—"The initial error of what afterwards became heresy was the urging forward of some truth, against the prohibition of authority, at an unseasonable time." And once, being asked in conversation what was the main fault of heresiarchs, he replied, "Their impatience." But here, in order to present more fully his mind on this matter, I will give an extract from the very striking Introduction prefixed to the treatises republished by him under the title of the *Via Media*. It will probably be new to most of my readers:—

Much is said in this day by men of science about the duty of honesty in what is called the pursuit of truth—by "pursuing truth" being meant the pursuit of facts. It is just now reckoned a great moral virtue to be fearless and thorough in inquiry into facts; and, when science crosses and breaks the received path of Revelation, it is reckoned a serious imputation upon the ethical character of religious men, whenever they show hesitation to shift at a minute's warning their position, and to accept as truths shadowy views at variance with what they have ever been taught and have held. But the contrast between the cases is plain. The love and pursuit of truth in the subject-matter of religion, if it be genuine, must always be accompanied by the fear of error, of error which may be sin. An inquirer in the province of religion is under a responsibility for his reasons and for their issue. But what-

ever be the real merits, nay, virtues, of inquirers into physical or historical facts, whatever their skill, their acquired caution, their experience, their dispassionateness and fairness of mind, they do not avail themselves of these excellent instruments of inquiry as a matter of conscience, but because it is expedient, or honest, or beseeching, or praiseworthy, to use them; nor, if in the event they were found to be wrong as to their supposed discoveries, would they, or need they, feel aught of the remorse and self-reproach of a Catholic, on whom it breaks that he has been violently handling the text of Scripture, misinterpreting it, or superseding it, on an hypothesis which he took to be true, but which turns out to be untenable.

We will suppose in his defence that he was challenged either to admit or to refute what was asserted, and to do so without delay; still it would have been far better could he have waited awhile, as the event has shown—nay, far better, even though the assertion has proved true. Galileo might be right in his conclusion that the earth moves; to consider him a heretic might have been wrong; but there was nothing wrong in censuring abrupt, startling, unsettling, unverified disclosures, if such they were—disclosures at once uncalled for and inopportune, at a time when the limits of revealed truth had not as yet been ascertained. . . . Galileo's truth is said to have shocked and scared the Italy of his day. It revolutionized the received system of belief as regards heaven, purgatory, and hell, to say that the earth went round the sun, and it forcibly imposed upon categorical statements of Scripture, a figurative interpretation. Heaven was no longer above, and earth below; the heavens no longer literally opened and shut; purgatory and hell were not for certain under the earth. The catalogue of theological truths was seriously curtailed. Whither did our Lord go on His ascension? If there is to be a plurality of worlds, what is the special importance of this one? and is the whole visible universe, with its infinite spaces, one day to pass away? We are used to these questions now, and reconciled to them; and on that ac-

count are no fit judges of the disorder and dismay which the Galilean hypothesis would cause to good Catholics as far as they became cognizant of it, and how necessary it was in charity to delay the formal reception of a new interpretation of Scripture till their imagination should gradually get accustomed to it.

I have well-nigh reached the limits which I proposed to myself when I began to write; but there are still a few remarks which I should like to set down. I will do so as briefly as possible.

For seventeen years I enjoyed the high privilege of much intercourse, both personal and epistolary, with Cardinal Newman; and I do not think Dr. Barry exaggerates in describing him as "the loftiest and deepest intellect of the age." If I were asked which of his high and noble characteristics struck me most, I think I should say his largeness of mind.

It has been objected to him that his view of religion was simply ecclesiastical. In a sense, this is true. The religious sentiment, so strongly recommended as a substitute for dogma, appeared to him quite inadequate to supply the needs of human nature. I remember on one occasion asking him, "Is not this religious sentiment merely the ghost of religion?" He laughed assent, and said, "A little holy water would lay it, perhaps." Religion was for him a matter of persons and things, of definite teaching and prescribed rites, embodied in institutions. On the other hand, he knew—this has been well brought out by Dr. Barry—that words are symbols of something too deep to be adequately expressed in them. "The best in their kind are but shadows." The inscription on his tomb, "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem," is a true revelation of him.

The same note is on his philosophy. It is sometimes said, indeed, that

he had no philosophy. That he was no metaphysician is, of course, true. But who can deny to him a philosophy of his own, in the wider sense which Plato claims for the word, of real knowledge as opposed to mere opinion? The *Grammar of Assent*, in which it is most systematically expounded, is not metaphysics and does not pretend to be. It abounds in profound and most valuable suggestions, in a subtle psychology, and in refined observation of the difference between various orders of mind. But its language is altogether remote from the schools. Its standpoint is personal, not scientific; and therein lies its real value. It has been objected to him by one of his critics that "his imagination dominated his reason." But with Newman imagination was that "high reason" of the poet, whereof Milton speaks, as—to quote Dr. Barry again—it was "with Carlyle, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Shakespeare: not the bare mechanical process that grinds out conclusions from the letters of the alphabet in what is, at best, a luminous void, but the swift, sudden grasp of an explorer making his way from crag to crag, under him the raging sea, above, sure ground and deliverance." Yes, Newman had a philosophy of his own, living and permeating as life itself.

Equally large-minded was his way of dealing with theological questions. I suppose his greatest achievement in that department is his book on the development of religious doctrine, in which he has done so much to bridge together past and present. His teaching, indeed, on this topic is not new: the Catholic tradition has always maintained it. Newman adds not a syllable, so far as the *principle* goes, to what is laid down in well-known passages and even treatises of the early Fathers. He does not innovate; he merely emphasizes, illustrates, illumines, and re-



sets. He may be said to have made an end of the old unhistorical view of Christian dogma which he found in possession. No well-instructed scholar would now maintain that thesis of the immutability of Catholic doctrine which Bossuet held. When Newman wrote, few Catholics, I suppose, questioned it. I may note here his winning tolerance towards those who differed from him in opinion; his abiding readiness to meet them as far as possible, and to attenuate difficulties by what he called "a wise and gentle minimism." He had nothing of the angry zealot about him. His hardest words were for those who wounded conscience by "tyrannous ipse dixits," and used their private judgment to anathematize the private judgment of others. I do not know that he ever expressed himself more clearly on this subject than in a letter to me—it is dated May 13th, 1883. "My maxim," he writes, "has ever been that it is better to make mistakes than to make nothing; and that nothing that man can do is without mistakes. . . . Unless our authorities have faith in their laity, unless they give writers elbow room, they will succeed in no able refutations of infidelity, or rather, I should say, in no sufficient. Men won't fight well under the lash. Such smaller mistakes as Catholics may make may be set right, while what is good and serviceable will remain."

During the early 'eighties I had many conversations with Cardinal Newman regarding the effect of modern criticism upon the traditional thesis hitherto commonly accepted by Catholics concerning the inspiration of the Sacred Books<sup>a</sup> of Christianity. At that time the subject greatly occupied the minds of many thoughtful and devout persons, among them being the late Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton. Writing to me on the 2nd of May, 1883, that

learned prelate expressed himself as follows:—"Many Catholics entertain notions [on the subject of Biblical inspiration] similar to those attributed to them by M. Renan; and, by doing so, do a great deal of mischief. As these questions become every day more popular, the evil is on the increase. All other theological difficulties are rapidly sinking into insignificance in comparison with that of the reconciliation of the Bible with modern science. The question must be met openly and fairly, and the sooner the better." The Cardinal, to whom I showed this letter, pondered it for a long time, and then said: "Yes, the question must be met openly and fairly—openly and fairly" (he laid much emphasis on the adverbs) —"so much is certain; but 'the sooner the better'? I don't know: is it as yet ripe?" It comes to my memory, as I write, that once, in conversation with him about some point of Bible exegesis, I quoted—perhaps somewhat impatiently—a dictum of one of the Hindu Sacred Books: "A fact is not altered by a hundred texts." He answered, a greater than usual gentleness of tone velling the implied rebuke, "True; but the texts are a fact too." His own feeling unquestionably was that much of the traditional thesis is untenable and will have to be abandoned, although he resented "the rude manner," as he expressed it, in which too many critics permitted themselves to deal with literature so sacred and, as he was fond of saying, sacramental. He was chary of expressing himself on a subject which he had not specially made his own, and which he felt to be of much difficulty and delicacy. But in his article on *The Inspiration of Scripture*, published in 1884, he lays down the principle: If it "be assured to us" that a canonical book is "inspired in respect of faith and morals . . . all

<sup>a</sup> That is the true translation of "Biblia Sacra"; it is noteworthy that in the Middle

Ages the plural "Biblia" was turned into a singular—books into book.

other questions are irrelevant and unnecessary"; a pregnant principle in deed, which appears to be ever more widely commending itself to competent and candid judgments as eminently reasonable and eminently religious.

I have, however, exhausted not indeed my subject, but my space, and must end this paper. I cannot end it

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better than with a prescient sentence of Dr. Barry's, to which I entirely assent:—"Should the Catholic Church extend its conquests in the world where Shakespeare is king, [Newman's conversion is] not less likely to have enduring results than had St. Augustine's on the intellect of the Middle Ages which he formed."

*W. S. Lilly.*

## LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### SIR JOCELYN AND MYSELF ARE TAKEN TO TASK.

I returned to Sir Jocelyn, who had now summoned his other attendants, and languidly extended on the ground, was permitting the ministrations of the Doctor.

"Can I be of any service?" I asked, looking down at him.

"You may help me to get home presently," returned Sir Jocelyn. "'Tis lucky the distance is short; I may walk it without attracting attention. 'Tis but a scratch after all, you say, Doctor?"

"An inch more to the left and you had been a dead man," responded Doctor Fanny very seriously.

"And it had been a thousand pities I had died under any hands but yours, eh, Fanny? Well, now; good people all, bear in mind that this little business is to be kept secret. Mum's the word, remember! On you, Corsin Billsborough, I know I may count." (Here he shot a warning glance at his Kinsman, as though to say "Blab at your peril.") "You, Doctor, are ever discretion itself. As for Luke, here, I fancy his tongue is not much given to wagging, and, moreover, the safety of this new friend of his, for whom

he seems to have taken so prodigious a liking, would be endangered were news of this affair to get abroad. Thou'lt not tell mortal man of our morning's work, wilt thou, Luke?"

"No indeed, Sir," said I. I was glad in my heart that he had said naught about mortal woman.

"Done with your plastering, Doctor?" asked Sir Jocelyn. "Well, help me up and let's be stepping. You'll find your own way home, Doctor Fanny, will you not? Come, Robert, lend us an arm here, and Luke, give me your shoulder."

Supported between us he moved forward; the Doctor, who had taken no notice of the suggestion that his presence was no longer required, following us at a dozen paces. Sir Jocelyn looked serious enough as we went along; I thought at first it was because of the burning of his wound, but I presently discovered that he was thinking deeply.

"A noble fellow," he said suddenly, as though speaking to himself. "I must admire him though he well-nigh made an end of me—I am glad we shook hands. And yet," he added after a pause, "and yet I hate him!"

I could not help exclaiming at this, and he looked round at me, smiling.

"Do not be so scandalized. If I hate him, 'tis because I admire him so much, and because he baffles me. We shook hands—yes, we shook hands, but we are enemies for all that."

The short cut across the field soon brought us to the Hall. Though it was now five o'clock not many people were astir, but as we crossed the yard we were startled by the sound of an opening casement, and her Ladyship's voice called from behind the curtains.

"Robert! Is that you, Bilsborough? Where have you been, sirrah. Though we broke up three hours ago you have not been to bed, for I vow my poor Fido has been whining most piteously for want of a companion. Whom have we here? Jocelyn! My dear Son, why are you abroad at this hour?"

She was craning her night-capped head over the sill now, her eyes wide with astonishment under her flapping frills.

"I have been for a little walk, Madam," returned Sir Jocelyn, imperturbably. "I thought a stroll in the air would cool my blood after the revels, and so I desired my good Coz here to lend me his arm."

"And who is lending you an arm on the other side?" queried Lady Gillibrand shrilly. "Why, 'tis young Wright—Luke Wright! Pray, how come you to be lending Sir Jocelyn an arm, Luke Wright?"

"Faith, your Ladyship," cried he, answering for me, "because Sir Jocelyn could not walk very steadily without it."

"Oh fie!" said Lady Gillibrand, in a tone of would-be severity. "Fie! fie! fie! Jocelyn—But surely that is Doctor Bradley coming through the gate! Now what is Doctor Bradley doing in the place at this time of the morning?"

Though I had thought Sir Jocelyn somewhat the worse for liquor before

the encounter the affair itself had sobered him, and he was now perfectly sensible; but in order to put her Ladyship off the scent he chose to appear partially intoxicated.

"Madam," said he, speaking very thick and with tipsy gravity, "you must know that during the course of our peregrin—peregrin—tions—dash me, Robert, what's the word? Pere—perambulations I chanced to trip—did I trip, Bilsborough, or did I sit down?"

"You sat down, I think, Cousin Jocelyn," replied Master Bilsborough, respectfully.

"That'sh it," said Sir Jocelyn, nodding gravely, "I shat down—shuddenly—and I fell backwardsh—no, forwardsh—and I damaged my rib!"

"Your rib!" screamed Lady Gillibrand.

"Yesh," returned her son solemnly. "Very serious thing—damage a rib. Rib—ve'y precioush. Noble thing—rib. First woman made out of rib."

"Lud!" cried Lady Gillibrand, "what a tale! My dear Jocelyn, I am afraid you are seriously hurt. You must go to bed at once. But how could you injure your rib in such a way? Doctor Bradley—Pray come here, Doctor Bradley. I beg you will attend to my Son at once. He tells me he has injured his rib—did you know that he had injured his rib, Doctor Bradley?"

The Doctor came forward saluting, and then rolled an inquiring eye, first at her Ladyship and then at his patient.

"Course, Doctor. Fanny knew I'd damaged my rib," said Sir Jocelyn—"I told you about it, didn't I, when we were sthrollin'—thro' the woodsh."

"Was Doctor Bradley strolling the wood too?" inquired Lady Gillibrand severely. "Indeed, Doctor Bradley, I am surprised at such conduct. How came such a staid, sensible man, as I always took you to be, to be perambu-

lating the wood at daybreak? 'Tis to be hoped that your blood wanted no cooling."

"Aye, indeed," cut in Sir Jocelyn, with such a droll assumption of surprised indignation that I couldn't for the life of me help laughing. "How came you to be in the woodsh, Fanny? What the deush brought you pram—pram—pramb'ling woodsh so early? Your blood don't want coolin', I'll shwear. Take one of your own pills man—take a dram of i—pic—pic—pic—pic—icuanha—ha—ha ha!"

Doctor Bradley turned to him perfectly seriously.

"That is not a remedy I should be likely to adopt under the circumstances you describe," he remarked.

"Well, I am glad you were there as it happened," said her Ladyship. "Dear, dear! I must get dressed at once. Is it not strange, Doctor Bradley, that my Son should have hurt his rib by falling backwards—or was it forwards you said, Jocelyn?"

"Which did I say, Cousin?" inquired Sir Jocelyn of his Kinsman.

"I think it was sideways," said Master Robert.

"I am sure he didn't say sideways!" screamed my Lady. "Besides, what was the good of your lending him an arm if you could not prevent his falling sideways? And was not Luke supporting him also?"

"Not much shupport," said Sir Jocelyn, shaking his head. "Let'sh have a tankard of ale—ale'sh shupportin'."

"I should advise you to get to bed as soon as you can, Sir Jocelyn," said Doctor Bradley. "Pray come upstairs and allow me to see to your wo—"

"To my rib, you dog!" cried Sir Jocelyn, nudging him. "Shpeak plain, man!—There you go, shta—shtammerin' d'shgracefully. Say rrib—not wo—wo—worlb—"

Here I could not for the life of me suppress a titter, which had the effect

of drawing down Lady Gillibrand's wrath on me; and while I stood with head bent before the storm, Sir Jocelyn made his escape, supported by Doctor Bradley and Master Robert.

After my Lady had informed me that I was a drunkard, an idiot, an unmannerly cub and a few other things of the kind—for when indignant she was not over-choice of language—she dismissed me with a promise that she would take the first opportunity of giving my Parents her opinion of my conduct.

I made my way homewards in a state of bewilderment and excitement which defies description; the events of the last twelve hours seemed to me a nightmare, and my heart felt like a lump of lead. Dorothy, lovely Dorothy, was miles above my reach, and my new friend and Master had ridden away into the unknown. To come to more homely matters, I had been out all night and could give no account of myself; I had, moreover, the uneasy notion that the woman at the ale-house would be like to tell of my presence there, and that Lady Gillibrand would certainly give a very bad report of me.

I received cold comfort from the folks at The Delf, for there I met with averted faces and harsh words.

"So," says my Father, "our young gentleman has come home, has he? Sure 'tis very kind of him to give us his company this morning when nobody wants it, after being so careful to keep out o' the road all night."

"Indeed," says my Mother, "'twas very ill done of thee, Luke. I could never ha' thought thou'd ha' been that selfish. There's poor Patty might ha' had a bit of a fling too, if ye hadn't been so taken-up w' your own pleasurin'. I've no patience w' folks as can't gie a thought to somebody besides theirsels."

Patty said nothing, but tossed her

head and bit her lip; and turned a scornful shoulder on me when I came a-nigh her.

"Where were you?" thundered my Father; "what didst do wi' thyself? Answer me that. We couldn't catch sight or light on you i' the crowd, and your Mother made sure you'd stopped at home to smarten yoursel' up a bit on your way back fro' Mrs. Ullathorne's—Stumpy said he saw ye walking wi' Mrs. Ullathorne—you took her home, didn't ye?"

I nodded.

"Well, then, that's how it fell out, I suppose," he went on with diminishing ire; "you cut away straight back to the field and we missed ye. But ye might ha' taken a bit o' thought for our Patty when ye didn't knock up again' her—you might ha' knowed she'd come home again wi' thy Mother to fettle hersel' up a bit afore steppin' out for the barn."

"I declare," cried my Mother in a vexed tone, "I'd ha' taken the poor little lass mysel', only I made sure every minute you was comin' back for her."

I mumbled something about being sorry I had not thought of it, and bolted upstairs to wash me and change my clothes.

When I came down they were all at breakfast, and seemed to have settled with each other to take no more notice of me; my Mother dumped down my basin of porridge before me without a word; my Father talked in a loud voice to Johnny, enjoining him repeatedly to be a good-natured lad and kind to his Sister. Patty sat very straight and stiff at the further end of the table, and never said a word at all, and my heart smote me when I saw how woebegone she looked.

"Who did ye dance with, Brother Luke?" cried Johnny, all at once. "Tell us who ye danced with?"

Patty shot a sharp glance towards

me, and my Mother set down the milk pitcher with a bang.

"Aye, indeed," said she, "we'd all be glad to know that."

"Sure," says Patty, looking up, "it must have been somebody mighty taking."

"But who did ye dance with?" persisted Johnny.

"Hold thy din!" cried I angrily under my breath.

"Come," said my Father, "is it to be Johnny's turn now? Thou art a nice lad to go a-pleasurin'. Leaving the little lass in the lurch over-night and barging at thy Brother in the morn; a fair question deserves a fair answer, I say."

"Eh, I'm fair moldered among you all!" I burst out. "I didn't forget Patty o' purpose—'twas a mistake and I'm sorry for it—"

"There now, that's summat," said my Father ironically.

"And as for answering Johnny," I went on, "how can I tell you who I danced with? There was a lot o' lasses there from 'all sides o' the country."

"Well, who was your last partner then?" said Patty, addressing me at last, for her curiosity had got the better of her.

"Oh dear!" cried I, impatiently. "who could remember that? Mrs. Penny, I think."

I spoke the truth, for indeed I had not danced since Mrs. Dugden and I had trod the opening measure together.

"Now that is a story," cried Patty, "for Susan told me that Mrs. Penny had gone to bed with the headache before she left the barn; and she was back at midnight."

"Oh, then I don't know who she was!" grumbled I, ladling away at my porridge. "I couldn't mind the names of all as was there. She had two eyes and a nose and a mouth like the



other wenches, and a bunch of ribbons at her waist—and she trod upon my toe," I added with a kind of desperation, and wishing in my heart I had wit enough to put my family off as cleverly as Sir Jocelyn had done.

Then, pushing away my plate, I rose from the table and went out to saddle Chestnut.

When I returned in the evening my reception was still more unpleasant, for, as I feared, some busybody had carried the tale of my being at the ale-house in company with the strange gentleman, and though, luckily, no one knew that I had passed the night there, my Parents were ill-pleased. And then Lady Gillibrand had been good enough to relate my arrival at the Hall that morning in what she was pleased to term an intoxicated condition; and, moreover, many of the neighbors had declared that they had missed me at the barn. So that altogether I found a hornets' nest ready to receive me, and was brow-beat and bullied by one and the other till I was fairly at my wits' end.

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"I suppose her Ladyship was right," cried my Mother, at last; "the secret of the whole business is that you were in liquor; that's why you can give no account of what you did with yourself."

"Very like," said I, "very like, indeed. As how it is I can tell you naught about it."

Patty followed me out into the garden.

"I don't believe a word of it," she said. "You were as sober as a judge when you came home. There's been summat agate as ye don't want to talk on."

"Patty!" I cried peevishly, "for the Lord's sake give over troubling me! Haven't I had enough already? If ye was to question me till Doomsday you wouldn't be the gainer."

We generally did a bit of work together at this hour, she weeding or tying up the flowers and I busying myself with fork or spade. But that evening, leaving her abruptly, I set off as fast as might be for Lychgate to deliver my message to Mrs. Dorothy.

(To be continued.)

## WHAT I SAW IN THIBET.

It is not difficult to account for the interest which the vast region of Thibet has always excited among geographers, ethnologists, and the student of mankind in general. Territorially, a preponderating integral part of the oldest of the continents, and replete with almost every feature appealing to human interest, for many years it has been the *spolia opima* of the traveller and explorer. While many travellers during the last quarter of a century have penetrated for considerable dis-

tances into this jealously guarded land from its northern, southern, and western borders, previous to my exploratory journey the immense region extending along the Chino-Thibetan border among the headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang and Hoang-ho had been visited by few. Theremoteness of these regions, the enormous hardships to be met with in crossing the immense mountain ranges surrounding them (among the highest in Asia), the hostility of the barbarous tribes, and, most potent of all,

the jealous antipathy of the lama sacerdotal class, have hitherto proved barriers which the advance guard of civilization has found difficulty in passing.

It was for the purpose of making a thorough exploration of these little-known regions that I entered upon my journey through Eastern Thibet. From the important town of Batang, on the Chino-Thibetan border, accompanied by an expeditionary force of forty Kiangsi natives, and seconded by the invaluable assistance of my lieutenant, Burton, I succeeded, after months of the most arduous river-travel, in penetrating up the Kinsha-kiang and Dji-chu headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang to the small native trading village of Gharlkau, in northeastern Thibet. My halt here was made for two reasons: in the first place, it was absolutely necessary that my men should be given a rest before pushing onward through the bleak and sterile fastnesses of the country lying among the headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang; and, secondly, I wished to spend several weeks in bartering with the Gharlkau Thibetans in order to procure a supply of boots, pack-saddles, blankets, rouge, and other articles to be disposed of among the wild nomad tribes in the country to the north. It was a welcome surprise after the open hostility which we had encountered among the natives down stream, to find that the head man and lamas of Gharlkau placed no objection in our path, as I had expected a point-blank refusal, when I announced my intention of proceeding to the north, to my request that he should sell me the provisions and other articles of which I stood in need. Instead, he readily formed with me a pact of good-will, and, in addition to selling me the provisions at astonishingly low rates, ordered several of his best guides to accompany me, and in other ways manifested his sincerity.

After a fortnight's respite from travel, our halt at Gharlkau came to an end; the lateness of the season and the necessity of passing up the stream of the Dji-chu before the terrible spell of an Arctic winter had settled in over these high altitudes, left us no choice in the matter. It was with a feeling of regret that we saw the low-lying huts and palisaded walls of the straggling village fade from our sight, as the canoes began their weary battle against the toneless, murky current of the Dji-chu, the course of whose stream it was my intention to follow for several hundred miles further to the north before abandoning river-travel for the difficult and hazardous land journey across the upper Yangtse-kiang watershed to Gajum, on the Charing-Nor. Never did voyagers start off under more gloomy circumstances. The sky was overcast with moisture-laden clouds, which hung around us like a cold, dank shroud; the dark water of the stream was obscured by a penetrating fog blown low from over the mountains; and the land, sympathizing with the gloom above and around, appeared silent and lonely, as if to accord with the full depth of our forebodings. The appearance of Nature in this great unknown region of northeastern Thibet, to the north of Gharlkau, was as that of a spot accursed. We seemed to be on the shores of the Dead Sea, where the towns of the plain had sunk under a fiery wave, and where desolation for ever reigns to mark an awful judgment; or as if the glowing hills of Pandemonium had been raised from their dreadful depths to sully the face of the earth with their most forbidding aspect. Great masses of crags rose in huge disarray, split into long ravines, and hurled into unutterable confusion, beyond which immense desert areas, covered with saline incrustations, stretched to the dim verge of the distant horizon, presenting

the composite picture of a Saharan desert and an Arctic ice-plain.

It was confronted by such a dispiriting outlook that I entered upon my journey through this inhospitable, forbidden land. Each day brought us to a higher elevation and a colder climate, and, to add to our annoyances, we soon discovered that the information given to us by the head man of Gharlkau concerning the vindictive and predatory character of the inhabitants of this wild region had not been exaggerated. The strength of my expeditionary force sufficed to spare me from downright hostility among the smaller river villages and nomad camps, but the little insight we gained into the real character of this district at the outset served to show us that the price of safety must be eternal vigilance.

The first real overt act of hostility was shown to us at Sok-Buchen, which we reached only after days of arduous paddling, the stream of the Dji-chu flowing at such an abrupt angle and with so swift a current after leaving Gharlkau that progress seemed almost out of the question; as it was, the effort required to penetrate up the stream of the swiftly-rushing river had used up my Kiangsi crewmen so completely that no alternative offered itself but another enforced rest at Sok-Buchen. As we landed at this village a queer specimen of humanity came running toward us dressed in long, greasy robes of yak-skin, and wearing a most hideous mask, which towered several feet above his head, the *tout ensemble* being unique and diabolical. After considerable difficulty I learned that he was the chief lama of the village, and had been delegated by the natives to approach us to learn what tribute we would pay for the privilege of travelling through their district. I well knew that I was not called upon to make this unnecessary outlay, but,

anxious to avoid ill-feeling, I told him to return to the head men with the information that I would give each of them a piece of red duba cloth, and minor gifts to each of the lesser luminaries of the place. With a vindictive grin he ambled off to the village, and shortly after he returned, this time accompanied by a score or more of the head men, armed with matchlocks and spears, as if duly to impress us with their warlike prowess, who, after many truculent gestures, demanded that the offer I had made to them should be quadrupled, or on no consideration would they allow us to advance farther on our journey. Realizing that hesitation would only serve to increase their hostility, and angered at their insolent attitude, in tones matching theirs in vigor and bombast I endeavored to impress them fully with the fact that I intended to effect a landing at all hazards, and would have no scruples in punishing them severely in case of treachery. As our canoes slowly proceeded toward the bank, they hurled at us a yell of defiance; almost immediately thereafter we saw forty or fifty men issuing from the narrow opening in the stockade, fully armed, and wearing war-masks, slowly advancing to the stirring strains of a droning war-chant.

Calling upon my Kiangsis to paddle with all their might we shot the canoes far up on to the bank, and, ranging them in line so as to form a sheltering bulwark, we awaited the onslaught of our enemy. Their valor, however, seeing that their warlike demonstrations had no appreciable effect, rapidly vanished, and in a few moments the horde, who but recently had been so demonstrative in their stern opposition to our landing, broke in wild confusion and retired to their village, from which they opened a desultory fire with their matchlocks. Shortly after, however, three of the leading men approached and announced their willingness to ab-

stain from further hostility on condition that we should make payment of the original tribute. In this manner the *entente cordiale* was restored, and the bloodless battle of Sok-Buchen happily terminated. As we discovered eventually, this determined attitude on our part was not without its reward, for the native traders travelling through the district took care to magnify our feats prodigiously among the inhabitants of the smaller villages and camps, so that for several weeks afterwards we were spared further annoyance from open hostility.

From Sok-Buchen, after pushing forward for another week against the stiff current of the Dji-chu, through a constant succession of cliff-embuttressed gorges, we reached a well-populated and hospitable river-village, which, on questioning some of the natives who shot out from shore in their hide coracles as we approached, we learned was called Dju-Kharmau. Our welcome here was of the most cordial kind, and we soon discovered that the native population was more friendly than our preconceptions of them had allowed. The head man evidently had never been treated to the curious spectacle of gazing on white men before, for, after making furtive inquiries as to whether we were real men or merely ghosts of men, and being at last satisfied in his own mind that we were of more solid substance than spirits, he invited us to share the pleasures of his own abode—a long, rambling gallery apartment cut for thirty feet in a loess bed piled against a considerable mountain peak.

We had no cause to complain of his hospitality, for at a grand feast which he organized in our honor he invited his brother chiefs from the surrounding districts to come and envy him his good fortune, and in other ways gave evidence that his protestations of friendship and good-will were sincere. M'dwe, the head man, had certainly

outdone himself; evidently this sumptuous banquet was something extraordinary and *récherché*, and, to "indulge custom with custom in order that custom should not die," we dabbled with various dishes of sinister import, of whose previous identity we were serenely unconscious, scrambled up to our elbows in the common pot for huge lumps of meat which we bolted with fervor, and in every way mingled with our host and his satellites with a ribald *camaraderie* which tickled the old man to the core. Beneath the mingled effects of pride and frequent recourse to a huge jug of arrek which he secreted in the folds of his sheepskin coat, his face, covered with grease and perspiration, shone like the full moon, while the flambeaux, dimly lighting up the interior of the dwelling, disclosed a cordon of swart, wildly-scrambling guests, who gave every evidence that, whatever might be the illustriousness of the occasion they were not minded to ignore the good things of existence.

Their gluttonous appetites seemingly knew no limit; for each consumed vast quantities of food, washed down with such huge draughts of arrek and tea that one could not but wonder where these vast quantities of edible and potable matter found lodgment. But to solve the mysteries and capabilities of a Thibetan stomach is a task which would puzzle the most erudite mathematician. In fact, the chief avocation of the Thibetan, when fortune permits, is the enjoyable business of eating. During many months spent among nomad and settled Thibetans—to say nothing of their manners, excluding women from all companionship at their meals, dipping their hands up to the elbow in one dish, eating sheep's insides, and sleeping in miserable tents or stone dwellings crawling with vermin engendered by their filthy habits—I never in a single instance noticed temperance or frugality, except from

necessity, for in their nature they are gluttons, and will eat at any and all times till they are gorged of whatever they can get, and then lie down and sleep like brutes. I have sometimes amused myself by testing their appetites, and I never knew them to refuse anything that could be eaten. Their stomach is literally their god, and the only chance of doing anything with them is by first making to this tutelary deity a grateful offering. Instead of scorning tainted and unfit food, they will devour it with avidity, even with the full knowledge that they must pay dearly for this incontinence.

But to recur to our entertainment at Dju-Kharmau. At the conclusion of the feasting we were treated to a dance, in which, contrary to the custom in southern Thibet, both males and females joined. A dozen lamas—their heads encased in the most hideous masks representing various birds and beasts—assembled in the open space in the centre of the apartment, with fifes and flutes constructed of bone and argall horns, and, after several preliminary flourishes, started off on a wild and dismal chant which ever increased in vigor until the noise was deafening. The rest of the men, and ten or a dozen women and girls, stood by or squatted on the floor, and kept time to the music by humming through their closed fingers, meanwhile swaying their bodies with a curious sinuous motion. At last, the music having attained its highest pitch, they discarded all clothing, and, absolutely naked, began to dance with renewed vigor, ever increasing their efforts as the music stirred them, rushing about madly and frenziedly, shouting at the top of their lungs, until, incapable of maintaining their feet longer, they sank on the ground through exhaustion.

It would be an utter impossibility to imagine a people more unenlightened and barbarous than the native popula-

tion of north-eastern Thibet, beings but a grade removed from the lower order of animals. In contrast with the districts of southern Thibet, the natives of this region are more nomadic in character, consequently few settled towns are seen and these of the most miserable kind. The dwellings in these large villages are usually constructed of small pieces of shaly rock roughly laid on top of each other, the surface covered with a plaster of mud, which soon dries in the sun, when it is covered with a coat of whitewash, presenting an appearance similar to the adobe dwellings of Spanish-American countries. This structure, usually two stories in height, often three, is arranged in a rectangular form around a central courtyard, the lower story serving as a storehouse for cattle, agricultural and hunting implements, and dried yak-dung to be laid up against the cold winter nights, powdered manure being generally utilized for fuel owing to the scarcity of tree growth. The upper apartments are used as the place for human habitation, the roof of the first floor serving as a gallery to the second story. A notched pole or a yak-hair rope-ladder is placed at various corners of the courtyard in lieu of more substantial stairs; these can be drawn up at night, and secure to the sleeping occupants all the splendid isolation from unscrupulous and pillaging neighbors enjoyed by a feudal baron in his moated castle.

The smaller houses are usually divided into two rooms, one for the general use of the occupants during the day, the other serving as a sleeping apartment. Holes are cut in the base of this dwelling in order that smoke and noxious odors may escape; they are simply openings about two feet square in the walls, without any means of keeping out the wind and cold. Therefore, one has the choice of darkness and stifling, or light and freezing.



The common luxury of all these dwellings is the large *k'ang*, or fireplace, sunk in a sort of hollow trough in the middle of the room, in which dried manure is burned, or another form of *k'ang* raised like a sacrificial altar three or four feet from the floor, constructed of stones and mud, and taking up more than half the room. On top of its flat, smooth surface are spread numerous reed mats and skins. In addition to its culinary purpose it likewise serves as the general resting-place of the occupants of the abode, be they man, fowl, or beast; in short, a sort of primitive furnace. In front of it three immense coppers, set in glazed earth, serve for preparing the food. The apertures by which these monster boilers are heated communicate with the interior of the *k'ang*, and its temperature is constantly maintained at a high elevation, even in the terrible cold of winter.

The simplicity of the nomad is found in the interior fittings of even the most sumptuous of these dwellings; there is absolutely no furniture, unless one should class the small mats and bundles of skins scattered before the fireplace in that category. The interstices of the rafters which compose the roof of the dwelling are filled with hoes, guns, and articles of husbandry, blackened by smoke. A number of spits for the roasting of meat hang against the wall, above these a row of assorted jars, some cheeses filling various nooks, and a heterogeneous collection of tea-strainers, *tsamba*-bags, butter-boxes, tea-churns, and straw sieves, tufted with bits of red and yellow cloth, the latter used for sifting the meal ground by the donkey in the corner, and likewise utilized as extremely popular and useful wedding presents.

Most of these northern Thibetan natives possess the same flat and expressionless facial traits as the Mongol, although somewhat darker in color.

They are not as small as they have been generally represented to be. They are taller than either the Chinese or the Mongols, their height—five feet four to five feet ten, and in rare cases six feet—being quite up to the average of the Caucasian standard. Their dress, however, gives them a somewhat dwarfish appearance. This effect is further heightened by a general tendency to a stooping position in standing and while walking, particularly noticeable among the females. Both men and women are muscular and active, and both have, when not governed by passion, a pleasing, good-humored cast of countenance, apt to break into a "grin" on very small provocation. The effect of the numerous hardships to which they are exposed, however, soon leaves its traces. One is astonished at the lack of middle-aged people among them, a woman, after she has passed her thirtieth year, having degenerated into a wrinkled, toothless and feeble old hag, while it is uncommon to find a man ten years older fit for active service of any kind.

The dress of both sexes is much the same; tribes that live in districts near to settled villages often indulge in the luxury of purchasing coarse cloth for their habillment, or, what is more often the case, plunder the trading bands. The general dress, however, is usually of skins of the yak, antelope, sheep or wolf. The long padded coat of the men has a hood, which in cold weather covers the head, leaving the face only exposed. The women, although having a similar adjunct, use it for a more utilitarian purpose, namely, as a cradle for their infant children. Underneath this voluminous outside garment both wear a small jacket of coarse cloth and yak-skin trousers, fastened into boots of the same material, very ingeniously and neatly made, although, not being perfectly tanned, they are unable to resist moisture like those

manufactured by the Chinese. A pair of real leather boots, therefore, is highly prized, and will readily be bought or exchanged for articles many times their value. In fact, I soon discovered that by possessing a good supply of boots, brought from Gharikau, was formed a sort of travelling Bank of England on a small scale, and that their purchasing value was much higher than either gold or silver. All the clothing is made by the women, who perform excellent work with the crude implements at their command. The only objection that can be raised by the fastidious concerning this form of dress is its extreme durability. An outfit of this sort will last a man for many years, and soon becomes frightfully filthy, never being changed and never coming in contact with water, unless accidentally.

Among the Tibetans, whether nomad or settled, there still is maintained a passion, almost amounting to a mania, for lurid color display. I remember seeing a woman at Areki-t'ang bargaining with a Chinese trader for a neck-scarf which outvied the most bewildering crazy-quilt ever constructed, and complaining because it was not bright enough.

"But, by all the glories of your father's father," replied the exasperated dealer, who construed this hesitancy to purchase as a reflection upon his wares, "what could you want? There are no colors known in earth and sky but are found in that scarf." And being assured of this all-important fact, the bargain was quickly closed.

Tea is one of the principal staples of trade throughout Thibet and Mongolia. The natives are miserable without it, and when it cannot be obtained are willing to cheat themselves by various expedients, such as boiling dried onion heads, herbs, or even an infusion of chips of wood in water, in order that they may not be at least without a

"suggestion" of their favorite beverage. The tea imported from China is pressed into small oblong-shaped bricks, having the appearance of cakes of chocolate, made up into cases of nine bricks, secured by raw hide thongs. This is not only used as a beverage, but, being conveniently portable and easily passed from hand to hand, passes current as money.

The native method of preparing this delicacy is not of a kind that would commend itself to civilized epicures. The tea is first ground to a fine powder by vigorously pounding it in a mortar until no splints of wood or other impurities are visible; it is then put into the copper kettle before the *k'ang*, when the water is hot, to boil for five or ten minutes. By way of giving increased flavor salt or soda is added, and this part of the operation being completed, the all important business of drinking it commences. The host and his assembled guests being gathered around the fire of yak-dung in order that "atmosphere" as the artists would say, should not be lacking, each one draws from the folds of his garment a little wooden bowl, and, with a satisfaction which must be seen to be appreciated, fills his private dish with the liquid.

All this, however, is but by way of preliminary. From a sheepskin full of rancid butter, placed within convenient range, each takes a piece of the oleaginous compound and lets it melt into his bowl of steaming tea. Then, with furtive grasp he draws the "nectar" to his lips and "heaven is opened unto him." The bowl is again filled, into the steaming liquid he throws a handful of *tsamba*, and drawing forth the sodden lump works it into a ball of brown dough with a deft movement of his left hand, and successively bites off pieces of this delicacy and drinks his buttered tea until the visible supply has vanished, when, in order that his

table etiquette may not be impugned, he licks his bowl clean and puts it back into the folds of his coat.

## II.

It was another long and tedious river journey from Dju-Kharman to Jomguk. And now leaving Jomguk we practically passed out of the country of the settled Thibetans; the entire region to the north as far as Lake Charing, being inhabited by small tribes and encampments of nomads (Djun-Ba), permanent settled villages were rarely met with; and, these of the most wretched sort, compared with which those we had previously visited, were the acme of perfection. The deserted appearance of the country is due to a very large extent to the abandonment of the cultivated lands by the more peaceably disposed Thibetans, who, being unaggressive and being incapable of offering successful resistance, are no match for the brigandish and truculent nomad tribes. In consequence of their constant raids, those valleys and sheltered plains which are capable of sustaining vegetation, have been almost abandoned by their inhabitants, and the region given over to the lawless and barbarous Djun-Ba.

These Djun-Ba Thibetan nomads, who inhabit this little known corner of north-eastern Thibet, in spite of their low order of civilization, were the finest people in physique that we saw in Asia. They were tall, robust, manly in bearing, and although possessing the flat and ugly features of the Mongol type, had the free, independent carriage of a race of mountaineers acknowledging no authority that would interfere with their freest liberty. Notwithstanding the almost Arctic coldness of the weather of the high altitudes they inhabit, they were dressed in the thinnest of clothing, the children running about in a state of absolute

nudity, without any deleterious effects manifesting themselves from this apparently suicidal exposure. Both males and females were possessed of an inordinate love of display, wearing enormous ornaments of brass, brass-wire collars, gold beads sprinkled over the hair, and numerous contrivances of gold and silver hanging from the neck. The general practice prevailed of shaving the head until it was entirely bald, the effect of these shining pates when gathered in groups being ludicrous in the extreme.

The social institutions of this strange people are founded on the simple plane characteristic of savages of a low order of intelligence. There is no generally recognized government, but hundreds of small tribes, which in turn are divided into septs and clans, each deriving its name from some feature of the landscape, or from some mythical legend or ancestor. These tribes in all matters of internal economy are independent of each other, but confederate for their joint security against alien aggression. The head men and chiefs comprise the aristocracy of the country, but they are little more than leaders in war; for the right of personal revenge, which is fully admitted, limits their authority in matters of merely judicial import.

As regards their mental and moral character—so far as a race can be characterized in a few words—it may be said that the Thibetans are, if not in the first rank of savage races, not in the last. Their intelligence is considerable, as their implements and folklore abundantly prove, and that they possess certain traits of bravery may be inferred from their ability to exist for generations between aggressive and powerful enemies on all sides of them, and to repel successfully all attempts at alien aggression. They display a taste for music, and are passionately addicted to gambling, having the keen-

est interest in speculations of all sorts. On numberless occasions I have seen two men sit down for hours and shake small dice for the most trivial objects, their every movement watched by an excited group of spectators, eager partisans who took such an interest in the game that the inevitable ending was a sanguinary brawl of no mean dimensions. Horse-racing is another favorite pastime of the Thibetans, but their animals are sorry beasts, and the excellence of the performance is judged more by the skill of the horseman than by the speed qualities of his mount.

The moral standard of the Thibetan is not high; licentiousness and indecency, far from being uncommon, are rather the rule than the exception. The women are especially erring; their extreme laxity of morals and their utter want of shame are not more remarkable than the entire absence of jealousy or self-respect on the part of their husbands and relatives. This is due perhaps to the degraded position of women in the community, excepting among those tribes where polyandry is practised, where their lot is in a measure improved. There are but few elaborate ceremonial functions in the direct business of marriage. Cupid must here exist on short commons, since Mammon enjoys a clear field and need ask no favors. A man wishing to secure a wife either steals one from a neighboring tribe, or else purchases one in his own encampment. Polygamy and polyandry are co-existent, the number of wives a man may own depending altogether on the state of his fortunes and his ability to purchase a supply of these necessary adjuncts to a well-ordered community. The head men, who are not limited by poverty, purchase as many wives as their fortunes will permit. A singular feature of this arrangement is that while a parent may sell a woman to one man, there is nothing to prevent his reselling an in-

terest in her to suitors who may come after, who are looked upon as legitimate husbands as much as the first one, and who are obliged to assist in her support, their relative degrees of ownership being determined by their standing in the community. As will readily be seen, this eminently satisfactory arrangement offers innumerable advantages of connubial bliss and domestic tranquillity to poor young bachelors who would not be able to afford the luxury of maintaining a wife financially unassisted.

One of the strangest customs of these Djun-Ba Thibetans is that attending death and burial. When a man dies the nude body is attached to stakes driven into the ground, and exposed to the attacks of ravenous beasts and birds. Nothing could be more ghastly, as assuredly nothing could be more repulsive, than to happen while travelling through the country upon one of these gruesome landmarks, from which flocks of carrion vultures rise slowly into the air with hoarse croakings as if resenting this intrusion on their feast. The bones and other remains left after the attacks of the birds and beasts are cremated, the ashes placed in sacred bowls, mixed with magic charms, and hung up in some prominent part of the tent or dwelling, or else buried beneath an obo of stones, where they serve as objects for numerous pilgrimages. A little of the dust is placed in small bags, and these are worn round the necks of the family of the deceased, as preventives of disease and as a safeguard against evil of all kinds. Where there is a large body of water near at hand a different ceremony is often practised. This consists in placing the corpse in a small coracle (a canoe in circular shape of yak-skin spread over a light wood framework), surrounded by all its earthly possessions, and sinking it in the stream with heavy stones. No ceremony is gone

through with, whatever its nature, without an abundance of dancing and feasting, so that a man who conveniently marries or dies at the right season, when food is abundant, is a real public benefactor.

### III.

In this exploratory journey it had been my original intention to ascend the headwaters of the Yangtse-kiang to its source in the Koko Nor, but difficulties in the obstruction of the stream and the impossibility of penetrating farther up its current compelled me to abandon this project on reaching Gunza, a small Thibetan trading village at the junction of the By-chu with the Dji-chu, and to make a forced march across the immense Balan-Kara-Ula watershed before the daily increasing climatic rigors made such a proceeding out of the question. The By-chu valley, which we ascended for our first five marches on leaving Gunza, is one of the finest regions, from a scenic point of view, in Thibet. It is, however, seen to best advantage on paper, for, majestic though the varying landscapes may be, they do not appeal to one who is obliged to toil over their uneven surface—a desert of bare crags and bouldery plains, with vast arid table-lands of high elevation, a land where there are no forests or pastures, where one can march for hours without even seeing so much as a blade of grass; a cloudless region, always burning or freezing under the clear blue sky, for so thin and devoid of moisture is the atmosphere that the variations of temperature are extreme, and rocks which, exposed to the sun's rays, may be almost too hot to lay the hands upon in the daytime, are freezing in the shade.

Five long and uneventful marches through a sparsely settled region brought us to Lakmo. Our entrance

into this hospitable bailiwick fully recompensed us for the tedious journey from Gunza; notice of our approach through the district had been circulated by nomad horsemen whom we had met in the course of our journey, and there could be no mistaking the intense popular interest provoked by our arrival. As we neared the village strange music greeted us, and almost immediately we discovered a long procession of the head men of the place advancing in our direction, led by three or four musicians playing with a lusty might on a wonderfully fearful, and as wonderfully assorted collection of instruments, who had been sent to do us honor with their wild and barbaric, if not impressive, strains.

The head man of Lakmo lived in two large yurtas erected on top of a cellar-like structure similar to the native dwellings. He was a jolly old Thibetan, with a round, greasy face, which beamed forth from beneath his huge fur cap like a full moon, and with a Falstaffian girth which gave evidence that to him, at least, this sordid earthly existence was not without its compensations. As soon as the tents were pitched he sent a messenger to invite us to his own abode, in order that he might see with his own eyes the "wonderful white strangers" of whose presence in the district he had been already informed. This messenger was none other than his principal wife, and she certainly was a most curious specimen of an aboriginal envoy. In stature she was a veritable giantess, and stalked about with a determined mien that threatened ill to any rash man who should strive to cross her path or thwart her purpose. In order that the mission on which she was now embarked should not be deficient in due pomp and ceremony, she was mounted on a long-backed, restless little pony, with a scraggy tail, crop-eared, and a mane looking as if rats had eaten part



of it, coupled with an appalling thinness of frame; in short, such an animal as the worthy Don Quixote would have gone into ecstasies over. She rode a-straddle, and wore a conical iron pot for a hat, and an imposing array of garments, chief among which a long scarlet duba cape fluttered from her shivering shoulders with the flaunting ostentation of a Roman emperor's toga.

Among the most surprising things that we noticed here at Lakmo were the hordes of red-clothed lamas, or native priests, carrying prayer-wheels and prayer-flags, and gorgeously arrayed in flamboyant finery, who in number were out of all proportion to the lay population of the village. Like most savage races, the Thibetans are possessed of a deeply religious spirit, and the religious sentiment is so openly expressed, and the exposition of it forms such an important part of their everyday routine, that the thought which first strikes one travelling in their midst is that the best part of this earthly existence is given up to active preparation for entrance into the next world. In all the settled villages, among the nomad camps and on the highway, one meets the natives incessantly twisting their little prayer-wheels or waving their prayer-flags while walking, chatting or trading together in the market-place, in fact on all occasions, save what little time is consumed in sleeping; for to concentrate the attention on the revolution or even to be conscious of it is quite unnecessary, since one can attain the "perfect peace" by automatic muscular motion. The prayer-wheel is the most curious of the paraphernalia attached to the cult of lama-Buddhism as practised generally throughout Thibet. It consists of a small, cylindrical-shaped box with an axle, the protruding part of which is attached to a handle. Long strips of paper, covered with magic symbols and invocations to the deities,

manufactured by the lamas and sold at a good profit to the credulous native, are placed in this box, and the operation of working it consists in a rapid spinning motion from left to right, the native belief being that a faithful adherence to this practice during life will ensure the joys of the future state. The ordinary prayer-wheel is turned by hand, while the person engaged in so doing mumbles numerous prayers of inordinate length, sometimes taking a day off from his other labors to pour forth these musical ululations with the most tiresome monotony.

The praying water-wheel, on the other hand, keeping in advance with the growth of civilization, is a much more practicable piece of machinery, and by logical reasoning should ensure the religious devotee much easier access into the desired realms. This consists of a number of metal cylinders arranged on a frame, and fixed across a stream upon an axle. Into these cylinders are placed rolls of prayer-paper; thus the busy man, whose time is more limited than that of his neighbor, enjoys equal advantages in the devotional scale.

The religious ideas of the Thibetans vary as widely as their other characteristics. Lama Buddhism is not a real and settled form of religion as we understand it, governed by definite canons and fundamental principles, but serves merely as a framework upon which to hang various cults fully as debased as, and differing very little from, the lowest forms of African fetich-worship. The Thibetan is a man gifted with the ready perception of physical phenomena which pass before his eyes. He is vividly observant of the general meteoric changes of the atmosphere, which he reads as the manifestations of a number of deities existing around him. To see what is palpable and present, or speak of what is past, is, however, the habit of his

mind. He is not given to trains of anticipation, he is not progressive, he is not even moderately inductive, but sinking down on the Oriental principle of fatalism he is by no means disposed to call in question the dispensations of these deities, or the actions of his forefathers. Naturally fearful, doubtful and suspicious, he is emphatically the victim of fear, doubt and superstition, bound down under a system of necromancy linking him to the dark doctrines of demonology, sorcery and magic.

The whole world is, according to his belief, governed by supernatural powers, or owners, good or otherwise, each of whom holds his sway within natural limits. Any object, as well as individual, may have its spirit, though generally speaking the idea is limited to certain localities or passions, such as a mountain or a lake, or strength or eating. The mediums between these deities and mankind are the powerful sacerdotal class, or lamas, who form nearly a quarter of the entire population of Thibet, rulers in temporal as well as spiritual matters, and who, although the most rascally charlatans and deceivers, hold absolute control over the crude native mind. The lamas, in addition to their religious offices, act as soothsayers, magicians and diviners, and, on payment, may be consulted on any question whatever, whether it be of a material or supernatural character. To Western eyes nothing could be more repugnant than the blind infatuation with which the Thibetan natives look upon these dirty rascals, who, being naturally more shrewd than the confiding populace, keep the latter in a state of absolute beggary and servitude by their superstitious practices.

One of the most common forms of divination used by the lamas in their everyday practices is the working of incantations and the prophesying of

future events by means of scapuloman-cy. On one occasion we were greatly pestered by a chief of a small nomad village, who, notwithstanding our assertions to the contrary, placed abundant faith in our supposed magical and supernatural powers. As the weather was stormy and prevented several of his traders from leaving the village, he was very anxious that we should give him professional advice as to the future state of the weather. As we were unwilling to take the chance of making prophecies without there being a certainty of their fulfilment, we reiterated with vehemence our serious handicap of earlier education in this respect, at the same time expressing our surprise that such a great chief, who had given up his whole life to the subtle mysteries of the "black art," should not by this time have arrived at perfection. This tickled his vanity immensely, and with a sly wink he informed us that he could change the weather whenever he saw fit; but he had heard that we were very wonderful magicians, and he was frightened lest we should steal some of his most potent secrets. Being reassured on this score, he proceeded after his own fashion to divine what the future might hold in store.

Drawing from beneath the folds of his coat a sheep's shoulder-blade, for the space of a quarter of an hour he recited various prayers and magic incantations over it, and then placed it in the embers of the fire that had been lighted at the beginning of the ceremony. Here it was allowed to remain until thoroughly charred, when it was carefully laid on the ground and the more serious process of divination commenced. By examining closely the cracks made in the bone by the fire, nothing was left undiscovered that the most curious mind could wish to know. A reputation for skill and magic in divination is greatly coveted by the

Thibetans; a successful forecaster enjoys an enviable reputation among his own people, and sometimes becomes famous throughout a large district. The methods pursued by each vary widely, but the practice of divination by means of a sheep's shoulder-blade is the most universal and likewise the most popular, since it brings the possibility of indulging in this pleasant business of a peep into the future to the door of even the poorest man. In fact, this recourse to the mysteries of magic and divination occupies a large part of the Thibetan's daily life: no one would dare to undertake a journey, however short, without consulting these potent oracles. In the settled villages, the lamas, who take upon themselves the performance of nearly all this kind of work for the laymen, sometimes have recourse to the common method just described; but more often their divinations are secured by the throwing of dice or small stone figures, and the consultation of a book of prophecies at a place which the position of the dice denotes. As the searcher for this occult information is obliged to pay liberally for the services of these priestly gentlemen, it is only in extraordinary cases that he finds it advisable to desert the traditional and "personally conducted" shoulder-blade.

#### IV.

On leaving Lakmo the difficulties of travel constantly increased as we were gradually ascending the higher elevation of the Balan-Kara-Ula range, the heavily laden yaks making but slow progress over the uncertain mountain trails, floundering in the steep gullies, and requiring almost incessant halts to rescue them to firmer ground. The high elevation (at the highest of these passes we were over 14,000 feet above the level of the sea) had also an appreciable effect upon our general health.

Both Burton and myself, and nearly all the Kiangsis, suffered with asthma, snow blindness, mountain fever, and other affections, so that progress of any kind was necessarily at a funereal pace. During this whole week's travel spent in crossing the Balan-Kara-Ula we were constantly subjected to inconveniences of this character; but, fortunately, the weather conditions remained favorable, and, on reaching Kengathka in the Djangin-tang, we were able to congratulate ourselves that we had made the tedious journey with a minimum waste of time and energy.

One who has never visited this region among the higher mountain ranges of north-eastern Thibet cannot gain an adequate idea of the appalling and sublime grandeur of the inspiring panoramic changes constantly unfolded to view when travelling through these constant successions of as constantly changing landscapes—leagues on leagues of barren and pebble-covered moor, *coulours* of stones and rocky pinnacles, range behind range of sky-towering peaks, with glaciers glittering in the hollow of them, the dazzlingly white snow lying wherever the crags are not too steep—a weird and desolate scene, such as one imagines may exist on the Antarctic continent. In whatever direction the eye wanders it rests upon the small glaciers nestled against the mountain sides, glittering brilliantly beneath the sun like polished glass and reflecting the most vivid hues, as if some gorgeous rainbow had been seized while hovering over their cloud-bathed pinnacles and congealed into a gigantic opal. I have seen few prospects more majestic and more inspiring than this great Balan-Kara-Ula mountain region south of the Oring Nor, bleak and sterile looking enough in its rudely jumbled disarray and unutterable confusion, but possessing a certain forbidding majesty of contour,

enlivened by magnificent panoramas constantly unfolding to view, bringing into sharper relief the stern outlines of the black and jagged summits, which, far from detracting from the scene, seem to stamp it with the grandeur of aged magnificence. As the sun descends the colors deepen, peaks rising like a regnant concourse of glittering, gold-tinted crowns in the great azure bowl of the sky, a host of shadows creeping into the ragged gaps, routing out stray sunbeams and driving them before the teeth of the wind to swell the golden distances of the valleys below. For weeks, day in and day out, our eyes rested on long lines of dark and solemn spurs, their summits bathed in leaden mists, peak after peak struggling from behind the gloomy pall, until at last the snowy ranges, immense and beautiful, an indescribable picture of wild and majestic desolateness, drew all eyes and riveted attention, while even the stolid faces of our Kiangsis seemed awed when thus brought into the presence of Nature in her most sublime mood.

As may be inferred from the sterility of this region, it is very thinly populated. The more sheltered *nullahs* and valleys are peopled by small bands of the most filthy and degraded nomad tribes, with habits and possessed of an intelligence little better than beasts. One who has never met a Thibetan nomad on his native heath can have no conception of his terrible appearance. His swarthy complexion, his

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long black hair, his piercing, coal-black eyes, half-naked figure, an enormous spear slung on his back and a rusty matchlock in his hand, make him the best figure for a painter I ever saw; but, happily, he is not as bad as he looks to be, his fierce and uncouth exterior covering a most craven spirit. When opportunity presents itself to attack and plunder a small trading caravan without chance of resistance he is a perfect embodiment of the most valinglorious bravery; but at the first show of aggression, or even the most feeble of real dangers, he is the veriest chicken-heart, coward and poltroon. But though we knew from our long experience of these Thibetans that they were too cowardly to offer us serious molestation, it was with feelings akin to joy that at the end of the sixth march from Kengathka, we saw from across the snow-covered moor the dingy stockade and squalid huts of the little Mongol village of Gajum, on the shores of the Charing Nor, meet our gaze.

On reaching Gajum, after the long and weary march across the Djanglingtang, my journey came to an end; but the goggles and snow-shoes, the whip and pack-harness, were not suffered to be long laid aside, for after a brief halt in order to give my yaks and escort a much-needed rest, I started on the equally wearisome and hazardous journey through the little-known regions among the headwaters of the Hoang-Ho.

*W. C. Jameson Reid.*

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### THE CONVERSION OF BULLOCK TOMMY.

"If only the men would come," said the Vicar with an unconscious sigh. He had locked the door of the little school-room which did duty as a church during the restoration of the

fine old building on the opposite hillside. Its flint stone tower, massive and unshaken by the passing centuries, had seen the wild borderers, on their sturdy Scotch ponies, roll like a devas-

tating flood into Yorkshire, leaving ruin and desolation behind them on their way through Northumberland and Durham, and harry and burn and slay what they could not carry off from the fair Yorkshire dales, when Robert the Bruce was king. Though he was quite unaware of it, there was a touch of the pathetic about the good man as he stood in the summer sunshine, with his garb as mediæval as modern times permit, and his ideals as great an anachronism as his appearance.

Celia looked up, her flower-blue eyes all sympathy. Celia Dane was school-mistress for the present at Kirby Barton, gaining that practical experience of school and parish management which should fit her to be the worthy helpmeet she hoped to a missionary brother out in the South Seas—a brother whose career ended inevitably in the light that beats upon an episcopal throne. The small black bonnet under which she straightly confined the fairness of her hair, the long black cloak with which she draped the slender youthfulness of her figure, were the outward and visible signs of an entire oneness of mind between herself and her Vicar.

The Vicar handed her the big iron key, and she swung it thoughtfully upon a slim white finger.

"Mr. Lazenby was there," she said.

He was but a poor sample, Celia felt, of that masculine half of his flock after which the soul of the good man yearned; still, he was a man. But to the Vicar's mind, as a fish in the net of the gospel, he was by no means to be despised.

"Lazenby!" he said. "Bullock Tommy from the Court Farm! Dear me, I had forgotten that his name was Lazenby, one hears it so seldom. Now he, if we could turn his soul to righteousness, would be an offering to the Lord indeed. What in the world has brought him to church, a—"

The Vicar checked the description of his new convert that trembled on his tongue. Mr. Thomas Lazenby's falls from what grace he might be said to possess were not, perhaps, many, but they were deep. Again and again had the Vicar pointed out to Sir Robert Barton, his patron and the lord of the manor of Kirby Barton and all that to it appertained, the inadvisability, on the score of example, of keeping such a man in his employ. The baronet's curt reply never varied. He would rather have Bullock Tommy on his farm drunk, he said, than any other man he knew sober. So Tommy struggled through each successive debauch neither a sadder nor a wiser man, and the Vicar was more than justified in his astonishment to hear that he had formed one of his congregation that morning.

"I think he came because I asked him," said Celia simply. "I spoke to him yesterday, as I passed his cottage on my way to Felby, and I told him I never saw him at church and I wished he would come—and to-day he did."

"First fruits, my child," said the Vicar, his eyes kindling though his words were stilted and unreal, "the first of your gatherings in your Master's vineyard. May you have many such!"

Celia turned away, her cheek flushing a little with that pure and selfless rapture known only to the ardent proselytizer. Surely she might bring into the true fold many such, if methods as simple as those she had used proved so surprisingly successful. If a glance of friendly interest, a few words of invitation could melt the ice of even Mr. Thomas Lazenby's indifference, how much more might she not accomplish by the fervent exhortation, the passionate pleadings of which, once her natural girlish timidity were overcome, she felt herself capable!



It was of that glance of friendly interest from a girl's frank eyes, those few words of kindly invitation from a girl's sweet lips that Bullock Tommy was thinking as he leaned over the white gate in the sunshine, a straw in his mouth, and his eyes on the rolling wolds, where the cattle he tended better drunk than any other man could sober were grazing down the wind. The white roads wound like ribbons about the curving hills, the serrated tops of the pine plantations that crowned every rise cut jaggedly into a sky of glittering blue, but Tommy saw none of these things. A memory absorbed him.

"Good morning, Mr. Lazenby." It had sounded very pleasant. He did not remember that any one had ever called him "Mr. Lazenby" before. There was a tradition in the village that he had a surname, but no one ever used it; as "Bullock Tommy" he had gone through life ever since circumstances had tumbled him, barefoot, ragged and sturdy, into his present environment. He had "gone behind the cattle" from that day to this, successfully evading the arm of a law that did not reach quite so far in those days as it does in these, and growing up in an ignorance as contented and complete as that of the herds he cared for. From that contentment a girl's blue eyes had roused him, roused him to compare himself with other men outwardly and inwardly, to the vague disturbing of his equanimity.

Yet outwardly he compared not badly with the others who composed his little world. To begin with, he was earning thirty shillings a week, handsome money for a "cattle-man," and out of it he had thriftily put by a sum that, for a man in his station, was large; and would have been larger but for the drain upon it of his periodical lapses from the path of sobriety. The cottage he lived in, one of the row of

three behind him, solidly built of stone and roofed with slate, was his own, and such furniture as it contained was of that heavy, well-nigh indestructible, very respectable make only found nowadays in the cottages of the peasantry. Moreover, it was spotless, from its square-topped chimney to its snowy threshold. Bullock Tommy "did" for himself, and it is doubtful whether any woman in the village could have done better.

As regarded his inner man he found classification by no means easy. He had absolutely no data to go upon. Leaving the problem of himself as an individual till he should have gathered a sufficient knowledge of other men as individuals to make comparison possible, Tommy turned again to the consideration of practical and understandable details. To which end he sought the companionship and counsel of his friend and neighbor Nancy Sykes.

It being Sunday afternoon Nancy was idle. With the last baby in her arms, and the last baby but one clinging to her skirts, she was sitting at her cottage door. Bullock Tommy crossed his arms on the top of her little white gate and leant heavily on it, and the clove carnations, all softly blooming in the hot garden, sent a welcoming waft of fragrance over him. Nancy greeted her visitor with a twinkle in her brown eyes.

"Ah'm tell't tha wert i' church this mornin', Tommy," she said. "Bahnd ti reform, foaks say. 'Tis a bit sudden, Ah'm thinking."

Tommy braced his muscles and set himself to meet the remark he had known was inevitable.

"Nay," he said stolidly, "it wor time, lass."

This sounded serious. Amusement faded in Nancy's eyes and amazement dawned in its place.

"Hast gotten religion, lad?" she asked.

"Nay," said Tommy again, "not yet. Bud Ah deean't know as Ah salln't—I' time."

"Why, Lord's sake! who's bin on ti tha, Tommy?"

"No one's bin on ti ma. Th' skulmistress, shoo ast ma ti goa—an' Ah did."

"Well, tha nivver ses!" returned Nancy, helplessly.

Tommy meditatively turned the straw in his mouth and Nancy sat and studied him. Bullock Tommy on the verge of "getting religion" was worth studying. By-and-by he spoke.

"How mlch does t' skulmistress addle livery week?" he asked.

"Ah deean't know, nut reightly,"—the question, to Nancy's thinking, was hardly relevant to the matter in hand—"but shoo's gotten thretty pund a year—an' t' grant."

"That's nobbut abaht fifteen bob a week," calculated Tommy, slowly. "An' t' grant, now—what may that be?"

"Nay, that Ah couldn't say," answered Nancy laughing. "Ask her thesen, man, if th' art so set on knawing."

"Nay," said Tommy with decision.

"Shoo'd tell tha ef tha did, lad, shoo would that," Nancy assured him. "Shoo hesn't a bit o' mucky pride i' all her body. Shoo's one o' the new sooart, is ahr new skultacher, shoo is that, an' nivver sticks hersen above her neighbors like t' owd un did. We're all alike an' equal, lad, so shoo ses, i' the kingdom of God, an' shoo acts up tiv it, straight, shoo does. Ah've heerd a many say it, bud Ah nivver knew one 'at meant it afoor. Why, shoo come up and hed a sup o' tea with me, friendly-like as owt, nobbut last Thursday."

Tommy's dark eyes opened. So amazingly productive of new ideas was his conversation with Nancy proving that his slowly working brain was

conscious of painful confusion. But out of the confusion one conviction rose clear and defined. If Nancy had correctly represented the new schoolmistress's attitude towards those who belonged to the kingdom of God, *her* kingdom of God, that narrow little kingdom of God that each sectarian forms for himself, the sooner he, too, was inside the fold the better. And then to Bullock Tommy, in the glow of the summer's afternoon, came a blinding remembrance.

"By —" he said, with an emotion as lurid as the words in which he clothed it, "an me 'at's nivver bin kursened!"

Ideas outside his own personal needs and those of his horned charges were to Tommy an acutely novel possession. They worked in him a strange new restlessness that he was as little able to control as to understand, a restlessness that drove him for the first time in his life to neglect his duty, for Saturday morning, which ought to have seen him well on the road to Darfield market, beheld him instead knocking at Celia's door. His standing there was the outcome of a week's delirium. "Why not?" he asked himself feverishly.

"Why not?" The last schoolmistress had married the village blacksmith, with the approval and benison of the whole parish. The one before had wedded with a grocer's assistant from the market town, and now kept a general shop in Felby. That there are schoolmistresses and schoolmistresses was a fact that had not yet dawned upon Tommy's intelligence. Therefore he stood and knocked at Celia's door.

The door opened into the kitchen, and at the kitchen table stood Celia chopping suet. The sunshine from a side-window fell slantwise over her, bringing out the gold that was hidden among her brown hair, the soft rose that glowed under her clear skin, the sweet blueness of her eyes. The little pile

of granules under her flashing knife caught the sunshine too, a heap of tenderest pearl pink. As Tommy pushed open the door in answer to her clear "Come in!" she dipped her hand in the flour jar and scattered a handful over her suet, and the resemblance in tint between her pretty slim fingers and the pretty pink suet went with a shock of pleasure that was purely artistic straight to Tommy's heart.

There was a similarity so bewildering between her occupation and his dreams of the week, that Tommy, shaken by a rush of genuine emotion, swayed a little, so that he had to lay an immense brown hand on the doorpost to steady himself. A frosty beam of horror banished the sunshine from Celia's eyes. Was the man drunk at half-past nine in the morning?

"What's the matter?" she asked, almost shortly.

And then a strange and wonderful thing happened, for suddenly the power was his not only to divine what he had felt but to express it.

"'Twor the seet o' yo', standin' theer—so sort o' homely," said Tommy deliberately. "Gave ma a kind o' dwam like."

"I hope you are better," said Celia politely, adding as a quick afterthought, "won't you come in, Mr. Lazenby?"

For the moment he did not answer, for he did not hear. The sight of Celia, washing her hands in a tiny bowl at the tiny sink, and rapidly drying flashing white fingers on a soft white towel, crowded so much delight into the moment that even the invitation to enter, so much more than he had hoped for, was almost a superfluous joy.

Then, suddenly, the fact of his invitation dawned upon him. He stepped inside the kitchen, wiping with scrupulous care a pair of boots of untanned hide, the like of which for breadth of

sole Celia had never beheld before, on a little cocoa-fibre mat. He followed his hostess into the tiny parlor and seated himself on the nearest chair, those amazing boots planted firmly in front of him. His broad stocky figure leaning slightly forward, his dark hair curled thickly across a broad low frontal, suggested one of his own bullocks so irresistibly that Celia gasped at the inevitableness of the comparison.

Yet the man was not ridiculous. The dumb soul that gazed wistfully out of his dark eyes saved him from that. One would as little have thought of laughing at him as at the nobleness and simplicity of the beasts he tended. Tommy's eye ran critically round the room, scrupulously missing his hostess in its passage. There was only one picture on the walls, an engraving of Fra Angelico's "Adoration of the Virgin" in a plain oak frame. Tommy studied it frankly, absorbed in another series of mental comparisons.

"Yon's a poor thing," he said at length; "a lot o' giggling lasses wi' crahns on an' all i' plain black. Ah've gotten a pictur' beats that by a long chalk, it dus that: locomotive engine runnin' slap into a pack o' bahnds i' full cry. It's summat like a pictur', that is. Mebbe yo'd like ti hev a luke at it, some time."

Celia smiled cordially, though she was a little puzzled. In the circle to which Bullock Tommy belonged the purely social side of life does not exist to any great extent. Visits are not made without an object. What was the object of this one? It was certainly something more than this ceremonious interchange of civilities.

"I should like it very much," she said, "if you think your wife will be pleased to see me."

Tommy looked up quickly.

"Wife!" he said shortly. "But Ah ha' nun. Not yet."

Celia smiled again and now intelligence had dawned behind the cordiality in her eyes. Here was an object understandable and sufficient for this unprecedented social experience. Some rustic romance, in the perfecting of which she might be of use, had brought Mr. Lazenby to see her at half-past nine in the morning. His next words confirmed her idea.

"Ah've been up ti see t' parson. Went yesterneet."

"Have you, Mr. Lazenby?" And Celia's eyes promised all the help and sympathy he could want. "May I ask why?"

"Ah've nivver bin kursened," Tommy informed her.

"Indeed!" said Celia, with some wonder in her intonation, for not only was this widely removed from the reply she had anticipated, it was a fact she would hardly have expected to cause Mr. Thomas Lazenby any serious concern of mind.

"Noa, an' ah've a mind to be," went on Tommy, in deliberate conclusion. "Ah'd like"—in unconscious but complete opposition to a certain Pharisee of our acquaintance—"to be maade t' saame as other men are."

The joy that moves the angels in heaven over one sinner that repents sent the color to Celia's cheek and the light of a happiness that even Mr. Thomas Lazenby could read to her eyes.

"Do you really mean," she said breathlessly, "that you would like to be washed in the waters of baptism? That you are unhappy about the state of your soul?"

"Ney," said Tommy with decision, "Ah deean't know 'at th' staate o' ma soul hes so vary mich ti do with it."

"Then what has, Mr. Lazenby?" inquired Celia.

Tommy leaned forward in his chair, his enormous hairy hands hanging limp over his knees.

"Did yo' saay," he inquired, "that i' the kingdom o' God all foaaks wor equal, that i' the seet o' God the members, baptised members, of His Church wer' all alike?"

"Yes," said Celia, "high and low, rich and poor, one with another."

With reservations, of course. Celia was conscious of the reservations, even while she thus openly avowed her adherence to her principles, since there is a certain equality not to be hoped for, even in the kingdom of God.

Tommy rose.

"Then," he said deliberately, "Ah'm on t' reight roaad."

The interview was over, and whatever the interview had meant it had been something altogether satisfactory to Mr. Thomas Lazenby. With wide open eyes of astonishment Celia realized both facts.

"Good morning, Mr. Lazenby," she said—and offered her hand.

After which the fact that Bullock Tommy was a reformed character admitted of no question. He signed the pledge. He bought a piece of broad cloth, the blackest, shiniest and most funereal he could find in Darfield, and had a "Sunday suit" made by the village tailor.

"Tha'rt broadenin', lad," said that worthy to him. "Ah'd best gl'e tha room ti spread aht a bit yet."

"Ay," agreed Tommy, cordially. "Ah'd nut stand onny soart o' skewerin' up, mon."

So that between them the suit was decidedly roomy, but the fact did not disturb the serenity with which, in it and a pair of shiny black kid gloves, several sizes too large even for his hands, Tommy went to church every Sunday. There, with a prayer book which he could not read, as often wrong as right side up in his stiff kid-covered fingers, he sat where he could best see Celia's fair face, in her close little black bonnet, bent over her har-

monium. And into the next six weeks was crowded all of that happiness, the ability to enjoy which differentiates man from the other animals, Bullock Tommy was ever to know.

The Vicar, acutely interested in his convert, prepared and administered such morsels of spiritual instruction as he deemed him capable of assimilating. Celia, her eyes both tender and triumphant over this brand snatched from the burning, assisted fairly often at the process, straightening out occasionally, with quick intuition, casuistical tangles in which, without her aid, Mr. Thomas Lazenby's stumbling feet would assuredly have been caught. Between them they gradually developed in Tommy a state of mind that satisfied the Vicar, though there was one point upon which he never was quite satisfied. Tommy could not be brought to confess any overpowering sense of his own sinfulness. He was "No war' nor other foak!"

Especially did he emphasize the fact when Celia was present.

"But," said the Vicar anxiously, "you are going to be different in future."

"Oh, ay, that's a' reight," Tommy assured him. "Ah'm a changed mon, na'. Ivverybody ses soa!" Upon which the Vicar made arrangements for the ceremony.

It took place on a sunny September afternoon, with only Celia and half a dozen awed children for spectators. But before it took place Tommy had a question to ask. So far, in this respect, the Vicar had enjoyed a monopoly of which Tommy did not quite approve, and it was well to make sure of his ground.

"Shoo ses," he announced, jerking a broad thumb at Celia, "'at i' the seet of our Maker, kursened foak is all alike. Is that soa, na'?"

"Yes, quite so, quite right," agreed the Vicar a little hurriedly: such an admission covered pitfalls, and he knew

it. "Of course, as one star differeth from another in glory—"

"Please don't confuse him," said Celia softly from behind. "It seems the one point upon which he lays stress. Yes, Mr. Lazenby, I assure you it is so. The members of the Church of God, the sheep in His fold, are all alike in His sight. The Vicar hears me say so." After which Mr. Lazenby submitted to be made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.

"I never thought we should really do it," said the Vicar, when Tommy, spiritually regenerate, had taken an awkward departure. "To be sure he was rather an unsatisfactory catechumen—"

"Oh, I think he is deeply in earnest!" said Celia, "and anyway it is done."

It was done, done with and over, that was a fact that dawned gradually upon Bullock Tommy himself. There were no more bi-weekly evenings at the Vicarage, with Celia making as often as not an interested third; there were no more delighted welcomes from his fellow-churchmen, they had slipped back into cold indifference, it being a matter of course to see him at church now. Life was suddenly desperately empty. It was not only that he had voluntarily renounced the only pleasures he had hitherto known for the sake of what struck him now as very unsubstantial advantages, the thing went deeper than that. His passion for Celia had shaken him to the core.

Under its stimulus the man was alive to his finger tips, and to Bullock Tommy, as to the rest of us, life, the higher life, meant suffering. To be sure he saw Celia sometimes, but there seemed no excuse to visit her without invitation, and the invitation he had dreamt of never came. Tommy's wooing had reached a deadlock, and the misery the fact caused him lay dark in his eyes for all the world to see.



But, fortunately for us, all the world does not see these things. Nancy, who was in his confidence, vaguely suspected that he was "I' trubble," but even her sympathy had a touch of banter in it.

"Isn' ta bahnd ti wed suin, lad?" she asked him. "'Tis time, fur sewer."

"Nay," said Tommy, with bitter emphasis. "Ah'm niver bahnd ti wed—this gaate. Ah git no forrader!"

"An' tha' niver will, owd stick i' th' mud!" laughed Nancy, "nut while tha' ses nowt."

"Ses nowt!" In the circles to which Bullock Tommy belonged it is superfluous to "say" anything. To wait at the gate of his chosen fair with a flower in his mouth, and shamble along beside her while she takes the evening air, absolutely muta should it so please him, is considered a sufficient declaration of honorable intentions from any rustic lover. To be sure Tommy had never yet so waited at Cella's gate, the very idea turned him hot and cold together. Perhaps, in this instance, other methods were called for. Perhaps, as Nancy suggested, it would be better to "say" something.

It was not the first vividly new idea he had owed to Nancy. This one worked in his head like wine. It drove him once again to Cella's door, but this time it was in the evening, on Sunday, after evensong. Cella had her little black bonnet in her hand, though her black cloak still hung in straight folds about her. She unclasped it from about her throat as Bullock Tommy knocked nervously on the open door, and turned to face him—in a straight white gown.

"Oh, come in, Mr. Lazenby!" she said, cordially. "Can I help you in any way?"

He hesitated a moment. The September moonlight bathed everything outside in misty radiance. It fell through the side window in the little kitchen over Cella herself, leaving her robbed

of color and touched with unreality. Tommy gathered himself together with an effort.

"Ah've come ti ast yo' one question," he said. His voice was rough and unsteady, and he turned his soft felt hat rapidly in a pair of shaking hands. Cella looked hurriedly for the scrap of blue ribbon that should have been in his button-hole. It was still there.

"Are yo' promised i' marriage, are yo' bahnd to wed—onnyone—onnywhere?"

"No," answered Cella, wondering much and quite unresentful. There was that in Tommy's manner that prevented any suggestion of impertinence.

"Then," he said with a long deep breath, "Ah-ve one more thing ti ast! Will yo' wed wi' me?"

Cella drew sharply back, suddenly conscious of the exceeding smallness of her dwelling.

"Will I—*chat?*"

"Will yo' wed wi' me? When a lass hes a good husband she gets usened ti him i' time, an' Ah'd mak a good husband ti yo', Ah would that! an' Ah'm risin' i' th' warld now 'at Ah'm stiddy. Owd Barton he said ti me, 'Yo' keep sober a twelvemonth, Tommy,' he sed, 'an' yo' sall ha'e the stud bulk an' the stud faarm ti do as tha' likes wi', an' no one sall say tha' nay. I'd 'a gi'en it tha' befoor, lad, ef I culd 'a trustedn tha' ti keep sober.' That's what he sed ti ma, nobbut Frida'. Yo weean't!" in sudden heartwring realization.

"Mr. Lazenby, I—couldn't."

There was a moment's dead silence. Then Tommy turned to go, and there was in his attitude what could only be called dignity.

"Ef Ah've sed owt ti be 'shamed of Ah'm sorry," he said slowly.

"Oh, Mr. Lazenby!" Cella was on the verge of tears, "indeed, indeed you haven't."

"Then,"—with a swift, almost threatening swing back again, "why suld yo' look—athat'n?"

Celia started. Was the disgust, the horrible recoil she was conscious of really written on her face for even Bullock Tommy to read?

"Yo' didn't mean it," he went on, with dreadful understanding, "not all yo' sed abaht t' children o' th' Kingdom being equal—"

"Not—not that way," constrained to a late and cruel truthfulness.

"No, nor onny way," with bitter certainty. "Well—"

"Mr. Lazenby!" with passionate repentance, "I'm sorry. Oh, I am sorry!"

"Nay," he answered in dreary protest, "Ah deean't think 'at yo'r ti blame. Ah deean't see 'at yo' culd reightly help it."

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Temple Bar.

The reformation of Mr. Thomas Lazenby was shortlived. His suit of shiny black is folded away in the heavy oaken chest in his keeping-room, and on it lie his kid gloves and the prayer book that he cannot read. Moreover, he has fallen speedily back into those courses that, though they can never satisfy that unsuspected half of him wakened to vivid life by Celia, yet afford him a certain amount of pleasure whilst they continue—and the last state of that man is considerably worse than the first. Had Celia's response been different, assuredly his life had also. Celia tries hard to reason herself out of all moral responsibility in the matter. She does not always succeed.

*Stella M. Düring.*

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## ANIMALS AT ROME.

Rome, the eternal, begins with a Beast-story. However much deeper in the past the spade may dig than the reputed date of the humanitarian She-Wolf, her descendant will not be expelled from the grotto on the Capitol, nor will it cease to be the belief of children (the only trustworthy authorities when legends are concerned) that the grandeur that was Rome would have never existed but for the opportune intervention of a friendly beast!

The story did not make such large demands on credulity as sceptics pretend. A year ago, a Russian bear was stated, on what seemed to be good evidence, to have carried away to the woods a little girl whom it fed with nuts and fruits. Except that the bear is less savage than the wolf, this story is more remarkable than the other. But the wolf is not so much the natural enemy of man as the cat is of the mouse; yet cats have been known to

bring up families of mice or rats which they treated with affection. Anyhow, the fame of the She-Wolf shows how eagerly mankind seizes on some touch of nature, fact or fable, that seems to make all creatures kin. Rome was as proud of her She-Wolf as she was of ruling the world. During King Edward's visit I heard serious complaints of the absence of this emblem from the decorations.

Unfortunately, the historical record of Rome as regards animals is not a bright one. The cruelty of the arena does not stain the first Roman annals: the earliest certified instance of wild-beast baiting belongs to 186 B.C., and after the practice was introduced, if it did not reach at once the monstrous proportions of later times. Still, one does not imagine that the Roman of republican times was very tender-hearted towards animals. Cato related, as if he took a pride in it, that when he

was Consul he left his war-horse in Spain to spare the public the cost of its conveyance to Rome. "Whether such things as these," says Plutarch, who tells the story, "are instances of greatness or littleness of soul, let the reader judge for himself!" When the infatuation for the shows in the arena was at its height, the Romans felt an enormous interest in animals: indeed, there were moments when they thought of nothing else. It was an interest which went along with indifference to their sufferings; it may be said to have been worse than no interest at all; but it existed, and to ignore it, as most writers have done, is to make the explicable inexplicable. If the only attraction of these shows had been their cruelty we should have to conclude that the Romans were all afflicted with a rare though not unknown form of insanity. Much the same was true of the gladiatorial shows. Up to a certain point, what led people to them was what leads people to a football match or an assault-at-arms. Beyond that point—well, beyond it there entered the element that makes the tiger in man, but for the most part it was inconscient.

Except with a few, at whom their generation looks askance, the sense of cruelty more than any other moral sense is governed by habit, by convention. It is even subject to latitude and longitude; in Spain I was surprised to find that almost all the English and American women whom I met had been to at least one bull-fight. Insensibility spreads like a pestilence; new or revived forms of cruelty should be stopped at once or no one can say how far they will reach or how difficult it will be to abolish them. One might have supposed that the sublime self-sacrifice of the monk who threw himself between two combatants—which brought the tardy end of gladiatorial exhibitions in Christian Rome—would

have saved the world forever from that particular barbarity; but in the fourteenth century we actually find gladiatorial shows come to life again and in full favor at Naples! This little known fact is attested in Petrarch's letters. Writing to Cardinal Colonna on the 1st of December, 1342, the truly civilized poet denounces with burning indignation an "infernal spectacle" of which he had been the involuntary witness. His gay friends (there has been always a singular identity between fashion and barbarism) seem to have entrapped him into going to a place called Carbonaria, where he found the queen, the boy-king, and a large audience assembled in a sort of amphitheatre. Petrarch imagined that there was to be some splendid entertainment, but he had hardly got inside when a tall, handsome young man fell dead just below where he was standing, while the audience raised a shout of applause. He escaped from the place as fast as he could, horror-struck by the brutality of spectacle and spectators, and, spurring his horse, he turned his back on the "accursed spot" with the determination to leave Naples as soon as possible. How can we wonder, he asks, that there are murders in the streets at night when in broad daylight, in the presence of the king, wretched parents see their sons stabbed and killed, and when it is considered dishonorable to be unwilling to present one's throat to the knife just as if it were a struggle for fatherland or for the joys of Heaven.

Very curious was the action of the Vatican in this matter. Pope John XXII. excommunicated everyone who took part in the games as actor or spectator, but, since nobody obeyed the prohibition, it was rescinded by his successor, Benedict XII., to prevent the scandal of a perpetual disregard of a Papal ordinance. So they went on cutting each other's throats with the tacit

permission of the Church until King Charles of the Peace succeeded in abolishing the "sport."

I have strayed rather far from the Roman shows, but the savagery of Christians in the fourteenth century (and after) should make us wonder less at Roman callousness. All our admiration is due to the few finer spirits who were repelled by the slaughter of man or beast to make a Roman holiday. Cicero said that he could never see what there was pleasurable in the spectacle of a noble beast struck to the heart by its merciless hunter or pitted against one of our weaker species. For a single expression of censure such as this which has come down to us, there must have been many of which we have no record. Of out-spoken censure there was doubtless little, because violent condemnation of the arena would have savored of treason to the State, which patronized and supported the games just as Queen Elizabeth's ministers supported bull-baiting.

The feasibility of the transport of the hosts of animals destined to the arena will always remain a mystery. At the inauguration of the Coliseum five thousand wild beasts and six thousand tame ones were butchered, nor was this the highest figure on a single occasion. Probably a great portion of the animals was sent by the Governors of distant provinces who wished to stand well with the home authorities. But large numbers were also brought over by speculators who sold them to the highest or the most influential bidder. One reason why Cassius murdered Julius Cæsar was that Cæsar had secured some lions which Cassius wished to present to the public. Everyone who aimed at political power, or even simply at being thought one of the "smart set" (the odious word suits the case), spent king's ransoms on the public games. For vulgar ostentation the wealthy Roman world eclipsed the ex-

ploits of the modern millionaire. If anyone deem this impossible, let him read, in the *Satyricon* of Petronius, the account of the *fêtes* to be given by a leader of fashion of the name of Titus. Not merely gladiators, but a great number of freedmen would take part in them: it would be no wretched mock combat but a real carnage! Titus was so rich that he could afford such liberality. Contempt is poured upon the head of a certain Nobarnus who offered a spectacle of gladiators hired at a low price and so old and decrepit that a breath threw them over. They all ended by wounding themselves to stop the contest. You might as well have witnessed a mere cock-fight!

I should think that not more than one animal in three survived the voyage. This would vastly increase the total number. The survivors often arrived in such a pitiable state that they could not be presented in the arena, or that they had to be presented immediately to prevent them from dying too soon. Symmachus, last of the great nobles of Rome, who, blinded by tradition, thought to revive the glories of his beloved city by reviving its shame, graphically describes the anxieties of the preparations for one of these colossal shows, on which he is said to have spent what would be about £80,000 of our money. He began a year in advance: horses, bears, lions, Scotch dogs, crocodiles, chariot-drivers, hunters, actors, and the best gladiators were recruited from all parts. But when the time drew near, nothing was ready. Only a few of the animals had come, and these were half dead of hunger and fatigue. The bears had not arrived and there was no news of the lions. At the eleventh hour the crocodiles reached Rome, but they refused to eat and had to be killed all at once in order that they might not die of hunger. It was even worse with the gladiators who were intended

to provide, as in all these beast shows, the crowning entertainment. Twenty-nine of the Saxon captives, whom Symmachus had chosen on account of the well-known valor of their race, strangled one another in prison rather than fight to the death for the amusement of their conquerors. And Symmachus, with all his real elevation of mind, was moved to nothing but disgust by their sublime choice! Rome in her greatest days had gloried in these shows: how could a man be a patriot who set his face against customs which followed the Roman eagles round the world? How many times since then has patriotism been held to require the extinction of moral sense!

Sometimes the humanity of beasts put to shame the inhumanity of man. There was a lion, commemorated by Statius, which had "unlearned murder and homicide" and submitted of its own accord to a master "who ought to have been under its feet." This lion went into and out of its cage and gently laid down unhurt the prey which it caught: it even allowed people to put their hands into its mouth. It was killed by a fugitive slave. The Senate and people of Rome were in despair, and Imperial Cæsar, who witnessed impassive the death of thousands of animals sent hither to perish from Africa, from Scythia, from the banks of the Rhine, had tears in his eyes for a single lion! In later Roman times a tame lion was a favorite pet: their masters led them about wherever they went, whether much to the gratification of the friends on whom they called is not stated.

Another instance of a gentle beast was that of a tiger into whose cage a live doe had been placed for him to eat. But the tiger was not feeling well and, with the wisdom of sick animals, he was observing a diet. So two or three days elapsed, during which the tiger made great friends with the doe, and when he recovered his health and be-

gan to feel hungry, instead of devouring his fellow-lodger he beat with his paws against the bars of the cage in sign that he wanted food. These stories were, no doubt, true, and there may have been truth also in the well-known story of the lion which refused to attack a man who had once succored him. Animals have good memories.

One pleasanter feature of the circus was the exhibition of performing beasts. Though the exhibitors of such animals are now sometimes charged with cruelty, it cannot be denied that the public which goes to look at them is composed of just the people who are most fond of animals. All children delight in them because, to their minds, they seem a confirmation of the strong, instinctive though oftenest unexpressed belief which lurks in every child's soul, that between man and animals there is much less difference than is the correct "grown-up" opinion; this is a part of the secret lore of childhood which has its origins in the childhood of the world. The amiable taste for these exhibitions—in appearance, at least, so harmless—strikes one as incongruous in the same persons who revelled in slaughter. Such a taste existed, however, and when St. James said that there was not a single beast, bird or reptile which had not been tamed, he may have been thinking of the itinerant showmen with "learned" beasts who perambulated the Roman Empire.

Horses and oxen were among the animals commonly taught to do tricks. I find no mention of monkeys as performing in the arena, though Apuleius says that in the spring *fêtes* of Isis, the forerunners of the Roman carnival, he saw a monkey with a straw hat and a Phrygian tunic—we can hardly keep ourselves from asking: *what had it done with the grind-organ?* But in spite of this startlingly modern apparition, monkeys do not seem to have been popular in Rome; I imagine even that there



was some fixed prejudice against them. The cleverest of all the animal performers were, of course, the dogs, and one showman had the ingenious idea of making a dog act a part in a comedy. The effects of a drug were tried on him, the plot turning on the suspicion that the drug was poisonous while, in fact, it was only a narcotic. The dog took the piece of bread dipped in the liquid, swallowed it, and began to reel and stagger till he finally fell flat on the ground. He gave himself a last stretch and then seemed to expire, making no sign of life when his apparently dead body was dragged about the stage. At the right moment, he began to move very slightly as if waking out of a deep sleep; then he raised his head, looked round, jumped up and ran joyously to the proper person. The piece was played at the theatre of Marcellus in the reign of old Vespasian, and Caesar himself was delighted. I wonder that no manager of our days has turned the incident to account; I never yet saw an audience serious enough not to become young again at the sight of four-footed comedians. Even the high art-loving public at the Prince Regent's theatre at Munich cannot resist a murmur of discreet merriment when the pack of beautiful stag-hounds led upon the stage in the hunting scene in *Tannhäuser* gravely wag their tails in time with the music!

The pet lions were only one example of the aberrations of pet-lovers in ancient Rome. Maltese lap-dogs became a scourge: Lucian tells the lamentable tale of a needy philosopher whom a fashionable lady cajoles into acting as personal attendant to her incomparable Mirrhina. Many were the birds that fell victims to the desire to keep them in richly ornamented cages in which they died of hunger, says Epictetus, sooner than be slaves. The canary, which takes more kindly to captivity,

was unknown till it was brought to Italy in the sixteenth century. Parrots there were, but Roman parrots were not long-lived: they shared the common doom: "To each his tragedy, all are *pets*." The parrots of Corinna and of Mellor which ought to have lived to a hundred, or, at any rate, to have had the chance of dying of grief at the loss of their possessors (as a parrot did that I once knew), enjoyed fame and fortune for as brief a span as Lesbia's sparrow. Mellor's parrot not only had brilliant green feathers but also many accomplishments which are described by its master's friend, the poet Statius. On one occasion, it sat up half the night at a banquet, hopping from one guest to another and talking in a way that excited great admiration; it even shared the good fare, and on the morrow it died—which was less than surprising. I came across an old-fashioned criticism of this poem in which Statius is scolded for showing so much genuine feeling about . . . a parrot! The critic was right in one thing—the genuine feeling is there; those who have known what a companion a bird may be will appreciate the little touch: "You never felt alone, dear Melior, with its open cage beside you!" Now the cage is empty; it is "*la cage sans oiseaux*" which Victor Hugo prayed to be spared from seeing. Some translator turned this into "a nest without birds," because he thought that a cage without birds sounded unpoetical, but Victor Hugo took care of truth and left poetry to take care of itself. And whatever may be the ethics of keeping cage birds, true it is that few things are more dismal than the sight of the little mute, tenantless dwelling which was yesterday alive with fluttering love.

We owe to Roman poets a good deal of information about dogs, and especially the knowledge that the British hound was esteemed superior to all others, even to the famous breed of

Epirus. This is certified by Grattus Faliscus, a contemporary of Ovid. He described these animals as remarkably ugly, but incomparable for pluck. British bull-dogs were used in the Coliseum, and in the third century Nemesianus praised the British greyhound. Most of the valuable dogs were brought from abroad; it is to be inferred that the race degenerated in the climate of Rome, as it does now. Concha, whose epitaph was written by Petronius, was born in Gaul. While Martial's too elaborate epitaph on "The Trusty Lydia" is often quoted and translated, the more sympathetic poem of Petronius has been overlooked. He tells the perfections of Concha in a simple, affectionate manner; like Lydia, she was a mighty huntress and chased the wild boar fearlessly through the dense forest. Never did chain hamper her liberty and never a blow fell on her shapely, snow-white form. She reposed softly, stretched on the breast of her master or mistress, and a well-made bed refreshed her tired limbs. If she lacked speech, she could make herself understood better than any of her kind—yet no one had reason to fear her bark. A hapless mother, she died when her little ones saw the light, and now a narrow marble slab covers the earth where she rests.

Cicero's tribute to canine worth is well known: "Dogs watch for us faithfully; they love and worship their masters, they hate strangers, their power of tracking by scent is extraordinary, great is their keenness in the chase: what can all this mean but that they were made for man's advantage?"<sup>1</sup> It was as natural to the Roman mind to regard man as the lord of creation as to regard the Roman as the lord of man. For the rest, his normal conception of animals differed little from that

of Aristotle. Cicero says that the chief distinction between man and animals is that animals look only to the present, paying little attention to the past and future, while man looks before and after, weighs causes and effects, draws analogies and views the whole path of life, preparing things needful for passing along it. Expressed in the key of antique optimism instead of in the key of modern pessimism, the judgment is the same as that of Burns in his lines to the field mouse:—

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!  
The present only touches thee:  
But, och! I backward cast my e'e  
On prospects drear!  
And forward, tho' I canna see,  
I guess and fear.

And of Leopardi in the song of the Syrian shepherd to his flock:—

O flock that liest at rest, O blessed thou  
That knowest not thy fate, however  
hard,  
How utterly I envy thee!

Cicero's more virile mind would have spurned this craving to renounce the distinguishing human privilege for the bliss of ignorance.

Wherever we fix the limits of animal intelligence, there is no question of man's obligation to treat sentient creatures with humanity. This was recognized by Marcus Aurelius when he wrote the golden precept: "As to animals which have no reason . . . do thou, since thou hast reason, and they have none, make use of them with a generous and liberal spirit." Here we have the broadest application of the narrowest assumption. From the time, at least, that Rome was full of Greek teachers, there were always some partisans of a different theory altogether. What Seneca calls "the illustrious but unpopular school of Pythagoras" had a little following which made up by its sincere enthusiasm for the fewness of its members. Seneca's own master,

<sup>1</sup> I take the translation from that dainty book, "Praise of the dog: an anthology," compiled by E. E. Bicknell (1902).

Sotio, was of this school, and his teaching made a deep impression on the most illustrious of his pupils, who sums up its chief points with his usual lucidity: Pythagoras gave men a horror of crime and of parricide by telling them that they might unawares kill or devour their own fathers; all sentient beings are bound together in a universal kinship and an endless transmutation causes them to pass from one form to another; no soul perishes or ceases its activity save in the moment when it changes its envelope. Sotio took it for granted that the youths who attended his classes came to him with minds unprepared to receive these doctrines, and he aimed more at making them accept the consequences of the theory than the theory itself. What if they believed none of it? What if they did not believe that souls passed through different bodies and that the thing we call death is a transmigration? That in the animal which crops the grass or which peoples the sea, a soul resides which once was human? That, like the heavenly bodies, every soul traverses its appointed circle? That nothing in this world perishes, but only changes scene and place? Let them remember, nevertheless, that great men have believed all this: "Suspend your judgment, and in the meantime respect whatever has life." If the doctrine be true, then to abstain from animal flesh is to spare oneself the committal of crimes; if it be false, such abstinence is commendable frugality; all you lose is the food of lions and vultures."

Sotio himself was a thorough Pythagorean, but there was another philosopher of the name of Sestius who was an ardent advocate of abstinence from animal food without believing in the transmigration of souls. He founded a sort of brotherhood, the members of which took the pledge to abide by this rule. He argued that since plenty of other wholesome food existed, what

need was there for man to shed blood? Cruelty must become habitual when people devour flesh to indulge the palate: "let us reduce the elements of sensuality." Health would be also the gainer by the adoption of a simpler and less various diet. Sotio used these arguments of one whom he might have called an unbeliever to reinforce his own.

Seneca does not say if many of his schoolfellows were as much impressed as he was by this teaching. For a year he abstained from flesh, and when he got accustomed to it, he even found the new diet easy and agreeable. His mind seemed to grow more active. That he was allowed to eat what he liked without encountering interference or ridicule shows the considerable freedom in which the youth of Rome were brought up: this made them men. But at the beginning of the reign of Tiberius there went forth an edict against foreign cults, and abstinence from flesh was held to show a leaning towards religious novelties. For this reason the elder Seneca advised his son to give up vegetarianism. Seneca honestly confesses that he went back to better fare without much urging; yet he always remained frugal, and he seems never to have felt quite sure that his youthful experiment did not agree best with the counsels of perfection.

Exceptional sensibility about animals has been looked upon under more than one religious dispensation as vaguely suggestive of heresy. Probably this was the case in the early Christian Church. The circumstance that Celsus and Porphyry—the two strongest because the most temperate opponents of Christian dogma—both held peculiar views on animals would have been almost enough to make the doctors of the Church suspicious of all such ideas. Saints there were in flocks who loved the creature (the saint's saintliness is stronger than his creed), but from what

Christian Father do we hear that the merciful man regardeth the life of his beast? St. Gregory the Great said, indeed, that man shared something with all created things: being with stones, life with plants, feeling with animals, intelligence with angels; and this has been adduced as an incitement to fellow-feeling with our fellow-feelers. We need not quarrel with the interpretation because it belongs rather to the twentieth than to the sixth century. When I was in Rome for the Historical Congress in April, 1903, nothing pleased me so much as to see the walls covered with the announcement that a priest was going to give a lecture on humanity to animals. *Eppur si muove.*

Seneca's mature opinions about animal life were of the usual Roman cast. He was the strongest early supporter of the theory of instinct which for him explained everything. He assumed that every animal is born with certain characteristics common to its entire species, and needful for its preservation. A wren is not afraid of a peacock, but it is afraid of a sparrowhawk. It might be answered that a householder is not afraid of a policeman, but is afraid of a burglar. The sparrowhawk has an equivocal way of going on which arouses the wren's fears. To forestall this objection, Seneca adds that the wren is afraid even if it never saw a bird of prey till then, and that young chickens fear a cat the first time they see one, but never a dog. More careful observation would have led him, perhaps, to modify these assertions. His conclusion was that animals have an innate knowledge of what may injure them, independent of experience. They do not grow more

timid or cautious with age, which proves that their conduct is governed by the instinct of self-preservation and not by acquired knowledge. All animals are equally capable of doing what it is necessary for them to perform; there are not some clever and some stupid ones. All bees display the same marvellous perfection in the architecture of their hives, and there is not a spider's web which does not surpass the dearest human workmanship. Art is fallible, nature is infallible.

The truth which lies in these observations is not the whole truth; the remark, for instance, that animals do not grow wiser with age is contradicted by the habit of elephants, noticed even in ancient times, of making the young ones cross a ford first. The officer who superintended the embarkation of the elephants sent from India to Abyssinia for use in Lord Napier's campaign, told me how one old elephant volunteered to drive all the others on board; his services were invaluable, but when they had all embarked and he was invited to follow them, he firmly declined, and had to be left on shore. I myself have noticed the acquired caution of the older dogs at Constantinople which left untouched the crusts I threw them, while the young ones ate them ravenously. A Greek native told me that this was because Europeans were in the cruel habit of throwing poisoned bread to the street dogs: hence the old ones, having seen the bad effects on their companions, refused to eat bread thrown by Europeans, though they took it readily from any Turkish beggar who shared his scanty fare with them.

*E. Martinengo Cesaresco.*

## BOY'S HOME-TRAINING.

It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that every succeeding year, in addition to the normal crop of anxieties, in addition, too, to the serious growth of ordinary and extraordinary taxation, presents to the limited-income parent fresh difficulties not only in paying for the proper education of his sons, but in starting them in the world even after they have received what is called "a liberal education."

"How if a-will not stand?" inquired the watch of wise old Dogberry.

How then, if a-be not educated?

Why, then a-must teach himself to dig, or a-must 'list, or go out as cabin-boy or errand-boy, or find some equally unintellectual occupation. There is no reason why I should discuss his future. Let us rather bid him God-speed on his journey through life, and so take our leave of him.

We will so far follow Dogberry's advice as to take no note of him and let him go; but in the place of thanking God that we are rid of a knave, we will condole with him on his being the son of most neglectful and improvident parents.

It is an accepted theory, may it be said, that Boy, if he ever hopes when he has arrived at man's estate to make his way in the world, must, unless indeed he be either an exceptional genius or a "freak," have a sound education, and that the greater the present self-sacrifice on the parents' part in the way of providing that education, the less probably will be the drain on their purse in the days to come. For in these days of strong competition education may, in part at all events, supply the deficiency of capital wherewith to start the world. But in the face of increasing difficulties and increasing

competition is it found that parents of the limited-income class are making greater efforts to ensure Boy's ultimate success than their own parents did for them? Up to a certain extent, perhaps, an affirmative answer may be given. For the modern parent, if we strike an average, probably packs off Boy to a dame's school or a preparatory school at an earlier age than he went himself. There seems, on the contrary, to be a falling off in the matter of the home preparation for school-life, and Boy too commonly in these days arrives at Dotheboys Hall totally unequipped with any power whatever of concentrating his thoughts, and in a state of ignorance which Government refuses to countenance in the future tiller of the soil. It is surely an anomalous state of affairs that our rulers should exact a certain amount of knowledge, even though it may prove to be a mechanical and parrot-like knowledge, from our little hobbledehoy, but prefer to close their eyes to the fact that a good many children in the upper and middle classes know absolutely nothing at all.

"Here's virgin soil for you," says Paterfamilias, as he introduces his nine-year-old boy to the preparatory schoolmaster, "make the best you can of him," or, in other words, "I have absolutely neglected my own obvious duty, but do you do yours."

If things go smoothly with Boy, which may possibly be the case if the so-called virgin soil be indeed virgin, and void of ill-weeds, well and good.

"Smart youngster that boy of mine!" pronounces Paterfamilias.

But if things go contrariwise—why, then:—

"Never taught him a word at that



school, so take my advice and don't send your boy there, is the verdict.

It is not required that a man who has either done a hard day's work on his own account or has a hard day's work in front of him, should rise up early or go to bed late in order that he may be able to devote some hours to teaching Boy the alphabet or grinding him through the pages of the Latin Grammar. On the contrary, I am inclined to think the father who personally undertakes the daily instruction of his little son is embarking upon a very hazardous experiment. When the small Rugbeian registered his opinion that "all the masters are beasts," he was merely giving voice to that feeling of antagonism which naturally exists in the heart of nineteen out of twenty young animals, compelled to do things which they dislike doing, towards the compelling power. When I make my puppy sit up and hold a piece of biscuit on his nose, I do not imagine that he entirely enjoys the performance, and I am prepared to believe that he considers me a "beast" for requiring it of him. For puppy, however, the immediate prospect of receiving the biscuit tones down the asperity of the situation, and shortly he learns to love not the lesson *qua* lesson, but the lesson plus biscuit to follow. Boy's real biscuit, the solid advantages of education, is so very much in the dim distance during those preliminary stages that the teacher will remain more or less a beast for several years to come. It is true that Cornelia now and again will tell her friends that "Bobbie is very fond of his lessons." But then the dear good lady is either drawing upon her imagination or—worse still—is the mother of a prig. Boy's natural inclination is to play, and it is only in maturer life that he will find in congenial work the best of all forms of amusement.

There is yet another most excellent

reason why a father is ill-advised in attempting to play the schoolmaster. The power of imparting knowledge is by no means a necessary accompaniment of the possession of knowledge, nor does it at all follow that an able man is *ipso facto* an able teacher. In the initial stages teaching is a laborious and apparently unrewarding occupation, and he who essays to practice the art will shortly discover that it calls for an unusual amount of patience and self-control. In the mind of the most easy-tempered individual the sense of failure is apt to engender some sense of exasperation, and when Boy and teacher come to loggerheads, the failure, no matter which of the pair is primarily responsible, is generally visited upon the shoulders of the former. We can afford on the golf-course to laugh at the short-tempered player who smashes his putter when his ball lips the hole, or hurls his driver into the sea when he has fozzled a tee-shot, but the man who loses his temper with the child he is trying to instruct is something far worse than ridiculous. A neophyte in the art of shaving is courting disaster if he tries his 'prentice hand upon a highly delicate skin, and it will be found that even the wisest and the keenest schoolmaster will decline to test his skill upon his own progeny, on the ground that their mutual good understanding might be impaired.

Who, then, is to prepare Boy for the plunge into school-life? In the earliest stage of all Paterfamilias has commonly very little to say in the matter. For Boy—and perhaps it is quite as well—is left under feminine surveillance in order that he may receive from the gentler sex that preliminary training in various details of the etiquette and *convenience* of social life which are among things to be learnt before he appears in public. It will be for his future advantage if the

nurse who presides over his destiny at this period be a person with not too soft a heart nor yet too hard a slipper, a person with distinct ideas of refinement, or in any case free from pronounced vulgarity, whether of manner or idiom, and—a point of no small importance—innocent of marked provincial dialect. For Boy is essentially an imitative animal, more so, I believe, than any other creature except perhaps Parrot; and when Mr. Kipling, in his picture of Mowgli, the wolf-boy, assigns to him so many characteristics of his foster-mother and foster-brothers, he is simply exemplifying the rule that the young human animal will so far as possible imitate the habits, manners, and language of its earliest educators. Many a boy has been seriously handicapped in the earlier days of his school career by reason of his inability to speak his own mother tongue in a way "to be understood of the people," and although a few months' herding with other boys—unsparing critics ever of their own species—will in most cases correct this failing, a common or vulgar intonation, originally picked up from a nurse or nursery-maid, has before now stamped a man to the bitter end. The Scot, Paddy, Taffy, or even the Yankee, may pass muster in Piccadilly; but he whose speech smacks of life's highways and byways starts, as it were, with a bad mark against his name. "*Delicta majorum immeritus luit.*"

To the nurse in due course will succeed the nursery governess, a trained teacher it is to be hoped, but in no sense of the word to be regarded as an either infallible or an irresponsible agent. In a large business house a confidential clerk may be empowered to sign cheques, but the senior partner will periodically inspect the firm's pass-book; in a limited liability company the managing director regulates the expenditure, but an outside firm of ac-

countants either will or ought to audit the accounts. The advent of the governess is a signal for the father to play his part in Boy's intellectual life,—not the part of teacher, which may lead to disagreeable complications, but that of an occasional superintendent of the teaching, a school inspector who once in the course of six months may pay a visit of surprise to the schoolroom, an auditor of Boy's mental account, whose duty it is to see that this most important business is being worked upon sound principles. In the nursery days Boy is a "jolly little chap," a thing to play or to be played with, but from the day that he enters the schoolroom he establishes his claim to be treated as a rational and intellectual companion instead of as an amusing toy. There is no necessity to expose him to the ordeal of a formal test examination,—that will be better left to the schoolmaster later on; but any man with his wits about him should be able to tell in the course of occasional conversations with a child whether the latter is learning anything or not, and most certainly no man who has not got his wits about him has any right to be the father of a family. Excellent woman as the governess may be and so often is, it is merely tempting Providence to take it for granted that Boy is being properly taught. Time even in these early years is a precious commodity, and bad teaching in the initial stages may cause infinite trouble later on. And the production of faultless exercises or high-sounding little themes as evidence of Boy's intellectual progress is about as valuable as the balance-sheet of the London and Globe Corporation. What reader of Thackeray will not recall Master George Osborne's wise remarks on the subject of selfishness, or Princess Angelica's pictures of a warrior in "The Rose and the Ring"? Not only will no teacher, whether man or woman, if he or she be worth their

salt, resent occasional outside inspection of a pupil's work, but most of them are ready to admit that apart from extraneous inspection it is practically impossible to ascertain what progress is being made or where the weak points lie, and that an examination conducted by the person who has been teaching a child is valueless as compared with the work of an independent examiner.

It will not always follow that Boy's failure, or comparative failure, argues incompetence or carelessness on the teacher's part. As that humorous individual, the Claimant in the great Tichborne trial, is reported to have said, "Some people have no brains, but plenty of money." The best governess in the world cannot supply brains, or even an efficient substitute,—she can only foster and develop that brain-power which nature has bestowed upon Boy. But when no intellectual progress is discernible, it may be that a change of system is required, and if *Paterfamilias* is not prepared to ship Boy off to Hanwell, the alternative is to change his instructress, not perhaps for an essentially more able teacher, but on the good old cricket principle, that in extreme cases a bad change of bowling is better than no change at all. As in other sciences, observation and experiment are the two principal factors of success in elementary education; and when by the employment of the one or the other process Boy's weakness is exposed, a reform, if not a revolution, is required in the system of his mental training.

Not, then, in teaching Boy the rudiments lies your province, oh most excellent Cornelius, and you will be well advised in leaving that to kind old Dominie Sampson, or to prim and starch Miss Blimber, or, better still, to some one who comes halfway between the two. But you are storing up a woeful amount of mortification for

yourself in the future if you are content to take it for granted that he is being taught, merely because you are paying some one so much a-year to teach him. Unless from time to time you take the trouble personally to test his knowledge, there will always be the danger that he will enter school-life with nothing to show in return for the money you have spent on his preliminary education. And though it may then be some satisfaction to yourself to pour forth strong denunciations against that long-suffering animal the preparatory schoolmaster, neither he nor you will be able entirely to make up to Boy the days of the years which he has lost.

As, however, you have been spared the truly awful and temper-trying grind of dragging that precious infant through the rudiments and of teaching him to concentrate his attention, is it not only fair that you should do a little further work upon your own account in the way of developing his intelligence? For there are many paths of knowledge and ignorance which the art of the governess—even the most conscientious governess—may never explore, for the simple reason that they lie outside the doors of the school-room, and are perhaps beyond her ken.

It will serve, for instance, to make Boy's life at once happier and more interesting to others as well as to himself if he is taught a little in this early stage to use his powers of observation out of doors, and encouraged to learn to distinguish the notes and the plumage of the various birds, to know a little of their habits and peculiarities, and to recognize the different trees, not by their fruits only, but by their stems and foliage. A country walk—and there must come days when a country walk will supersede the ordinary school game—is a dull affair for Boy, if it simply means a solid and monotonous tramp along a muddy road; but if he

has learnt to use his eyes, and take an intelligent interest in the natural objects of country life, every lane and every hedgerow will have some attraction for him. In a generation when there was less artificial amusement provided for the young, and Boy was more dependent on his resources of enjoyment, he probably had far more personal knowledge of Nature than have the young game-players of the present era; and men of my own standing, who have had little leisure in adult life to devote to the study of natural history, may number the few ordinary facts that we do know among things which "our fathers have taught us." The Class-book of Zoology or the Natural History Primer—for text-books of this kind may be found in the up-to-date preparatory school—useful enough in a preparation for a formal and circumscribed examination, is a very poor substitute for the knowledge gained by observation. Such works may enable Prig minor to startle his elders by giving a learned definition of a Mammal or Marsupial; but the same learned young doctor will be found to be hopelessly at sea if he is shown a collection of ordinary live birds and asked to assign a name to each species. Possibly Boy of to-day, by virtue of his text-books, is a better theorist than his predecessor. But the pleasure of theory is not so rewarding as that of practice. So at least I found to my cost when I rashly intrusted the manipulation of a sensitive tooth to a lady who was deeply versed in the theory of dentistry, and the most highly theoretical gardener I ever employed could not grow a decent crop of potatoes to save his life. The "Beetle-Bug-hunter," as we called the young naturalist at school, may not be a more attractive person to meet than the athlete; but he promises, in those days to come, when "the grinders are few and the doors are shut in the streets,"

to have a more abiding interest in life than the man whose active boyhood has been wholly absorbed by the transitory pleasures of the playing-field.

Over and above this little training of Boy's eye and the awakening of his interest in those common things seen in the course of the walks which, it is to be hoped, he occasionally takes with his father, some slight instruction, if you please, Cornelius, in that commonly neglected subject, the History of our own times. Justin M'Carthy, of course? Nothing of the sort, nothing either one-half or one-hundredth part so learned or so elaborate. Those tough old volumes may be relegated to the years to come, when the mental digestion will have become strong enough to assimilate their contents. All that is required in Boy's school-room is an occasional chat with his father, who shall be presumed to be a person of ordinary intelligence, and to take some pride and some interest in the fact that he is a citizen of the greatest empire under the sun. Absolute ignorance of the things that are going on in his own time, whether in his own or other countries, may be Boy's lot until he arrives at years of discretion, if he does not learn a little about them while at home. For in the intermediate period of his life it is seldom that he will find any one who will be at pains to teach him. History, both Ancient and so-called Modern, may be required of him, but contemporary History seldom or never. The champion historian of a preparatory school, if ready to gabble off at a moment's notice not only the names and dates of all the kings and queens of England, but furthermore the principal clauses of wellnigh every charter signed in the Dark Ages, commonly lives in a state of blissful ignorance of the historical events or the social movements in or round about his own

lifetime, and when called upon to give a definition of a trades-union is quite likely to announce that it is a new species of potato. Better informed than some was an urchin of ten who, on being informed that only a Radical wore his top hat on the back of his head, then and there abjured that evil habit; but I fear that even his ideas of what a Radical really is were vague in the extreme. "Something that my father is not," might have been his definition.

With the social subjects of the day young hobbledehoy, who in part is self-educated by that simple system which bore such good fruit in Mr. Samuel Weller's case, is probably more *au fait* than his better-dressed compeer. His occasional attempts to utilize the information thus acquired are not always attended by comforting or comfortable results.

"Why ain't you brought no money home along 'you to-day Jim?" inquired a sea-faring man of his ragged little son, the cheekiest of many cheeky little caddies on a well-known south coast golf-course.

"'Cos we're all out on the strike."

"Ah," quoth the father grimly, "you're on the strike, are you? Then so am I," and the following day my little friend enlisted as a "blackleg."

In the matter of contemporary history there is little to choose between the knowledge of the preparatory school and the board school disciple, unless the former happens to have come from home with a little stock-in-trade. For it is an open secret that what may be called "contemporaneous" knowledge is entirely outside that magic circle which Mr. Squeers delights to call his curriculum, and that the ordinary conversation between small boy and small boy, or even small boy and master, has for its subject the sayings and doings of men of mark in the athletic world.

But does not Boy read the newspapers? Well, yes, sometimes. A youth of no mean capacity not so very long ago, *i.e.*, when the Boer War was at its height, formulated a request to his schoolmaster that he and two other searchers after knowledge might be allowed to see more than they had heretofore seen of the daily paper.

"What paper particularly, my boy?"

"The 'Daily Mail,' if you please."

The paper was at once provided, and by the end of the week the whole trio could say off by heart the order of the counties in the First Class Cricket Championship, knew the names of every regular member of each separate team, and could have passed a severe test examination in various great men's averages, decimal points and all. One of them had also mastered the fact that the present Commander-in-Chief of our Indian Army is commonly spoken of as "K."

Another ingenious youth who took a lively interest in the Boat-Race was invited to give his ideas on the subject of the rival Universities. After some deliberation he announced that Oxford and Cambridge were places, and on being further invited to say anything more that he knew about them, his answer was that light-haired people lived at Cambridge, and dark-haired at Oxford.

Stories might be multiplied to prove that Boy is dependent on his father for much desirable, if not necessary, knowledge, which his life in the early days at school commonly falls to supply.

A few words more on the invaluable assistance in other matters which he may claim to expect from the father, who has himself gone through the mill of a school career. It is not too much to say that a schoolmaster, who really cares for his work, is more or less able to find out in a fortnight how far Boy has been trained by womankind only,



or when Paterfamilias be found to have taken his due share in the good work, what manner of man he is, and what manner of school he was educated at.

While it is impossible to overestimate the value of the influence which the careful training of a wise mother may have in forming the higher sides of Boy's character, there are certain less vital, but, so far as happiness at school is concerned, very desirable characteristics whereof the inspiration, whether by heredity, precept, or imitation, is pretty well sure to come from the father.

A little stoicism, to begin with, Boy will require; not the stoicism of sulky or stolid indifference, but the stoicism which will enable him to appreciate the petty ups and downs of school-life at their proper value. He has to learn that things which Girl may do are tabooed for himself as being unmanly. We allow certain forms of manifestation of joy or grief to the weaker sex, because they are the weaker sex, following the example of the handicapper on the Turf, who makes the colt concede some allowance to the filly, even though, no matter her color, she is apt to prove herself the better horse of the pair. Girl, then, when she giggles, we write down as silly. Boy, afflicted by the same disease, is a nuisance to society, and requires instant suppression. Girl—this is yet another privilege of her sex—may cry for the moon; but to Boy tears, if they be not tears of genuine grief or repentance, are unseemly, and his tendency to weep over trifles must be nipped in the bud, while he is yet under home discipline. Nothing at a later stage of his existence affords so much bewilderment and disconcertment to that unsympathetic "beast" the schoolmaster, as the boy who weeps "buckets" on every possible, and, to other boys, impossible, occasion. Tears, then, which are essentially private property, Boy should be

taught to regard as precious commodities not intended for everyday use, but to be kept to himself, and only exhibited under stress of dire necessity.

But if he is left too much in the company of creatures that seek comfort for every little woe in tear-shedding—nurses, that is, maid-servants, sisters, a weak-minded governess, or hysterical mother—the force of example will coerce him into being a crying boy. "Dell's in the man!" exclaimed Dandle Dimont, "he's garred me do that I hanna done since my auld mither dee'd."

It appertains to the father to impress upon Boy that his tears, like honest Dandle's, must be reserved for great and solemn occasions. It was only in the youth of the world that the patriarchs and Greek heroes lifted up their voices and wept: the fashion of mankind has changed since then, and Boy, like Man, must go with the fashion. I knew a Boy in the flesh not so very long ago who caused his teachers no small embarrassment by weeping like a Niobe on the slightest, or even without the slightest, provocation. He was very tender-hearted, they argued to themselves, his feelings were very highly wrought, and allowances must be made for him. But, lo and behold! there came a time when a particularly light-hearted little cherub, a boy who never opened a book except under dire compulsion, was asked how he and two or three of his boon companions had whiled away the hours of a dismally wet half-holiday.

"Oh, we did this, and we did that," he explained, "and then we had some most awful fun—we got old Billy to blub for quite an hour!"

"You horrid little brutes! What did you do that for?"

"Oh! but Billy likes blubbing; he says that he would just as soon blub as do anything else, and he does make such ripping faces."

A little stoicism, again, in the matter of his own health. Here and there it is a matter of vital importance that Boy should keep certain definite rules of hygiene, but "fussiness" and "nerves" are most unnecessary, and very modern traits in his character. I am not alluding to the small malingerer, common, I suppose, to every age and every school, who is afflicted with chronic Greek headaches, or geography toothaches, but to the little *malade imaginaire*, whose joy in life is to pose as a constitutional invalid, and who takes melancholy pleasure in being profoundly sorry for himself. The clinical thermometer, invaluable in skilled hands and in cases of real illness, had better like Horace's ship have never been thought of, if Boy himself is to know anything of its working. Forty years ago schoolboys were innocent of "temperature," and as a class, I think, compared favorably with the delicately nurtured youth of the present day. Far be it from me to advocate the extreme measures adopted by a rebellious urchin who, when the matron tried to enforce her edict that he should stop in bed on a wintry day by removing his boots and socks, paddled down barefoot to the boot-room, borrowed some socks, played his game of football, and is alive to tell the tale. But at any rate Boy should be trained to believe that robust health is his normal and natural condition, and that nerves, delicacy, and fussiness are the exclusive property of womankind. Let him borrow, if he likes, some of the fortitude of the other sex when the real illness comes, but not cry out before the event, after the manner of the Red Queen.

A little self-help, and a little power of resource, Boy, if he has the occasional benefit of his father's society, will probably learn, and no qualities will stand him in better stead, when that tremendous plunge into the un-

known depths of school-life is taken. It is almost lamentable to see the helplessness of the home-bred urchin who has dealt with womankind only till the day he came to school. The master of the house, if he be a wise master, issues his orders to Boy and exacts obedience, without troubling himself to suggest ways and means.

"If they can't leap over briars they must scramble through them," says Lord Castleton in the "Caxtons"; or, in other words, "They have got to come and go when I tell them, somehow!"

The lady of the house, if she, too, be a wise lady, may exact the obedience, but out of sheer tenderness of heart is too much given to suggesting the ways and means, leaving to Boy no scope for originality of method; if she be not very wise, she not only suggests means, but probably ends by doing half the task herself. And the result is, that Boy comes to school a helpless little mortal, armed with two stock phrases to cover all sins of omission and commission.

"Why didn't you change your boots, Jones minor?"

"I didn't know I had to."

"Why did you go out in your slippers?"

"I didn't know I mightn't."

I could instance, among my own acquaintance, a little fellow of nine, who found his own way, and a still smaller brother's way, to a far corner of Ireland, armed with nothing but sufficient journey-money and his own wits; and yet another boy of thirteen, who required the services of a commissionaire to escort him from one platform to another in the same station.

"Is it," as Hecuba plaintively inquired, "that their parents were of different mould, or the manner of their bringing up?"

Or is so-called originality, like imaginative power, really innate? If so, for Boy, both the one and the other, duly

sustained by sympathetic outside influence, are invaluable gifts: left to run riot, originality may lead to what Percival Keene's schoolmaster called a "blow up," and the same imaginative power, by virtue of which one boy becomes a first-class verse-writer, may make of another a second Munchausen.

Last of all, Cornelius, it is your bounden duty to see that Boy is neither a habitual loafer nor a peripatetic nuisance to his neighbors, but that he goes to school forearmed with some ideas of sensibly occupying his spare time. Let him be a reader, if you will, but if not a reader, then a draughts-

man, a net-maker, a modeller, or even a collector. It is commonly reported that in that eminently practical country Germany even princelings are brought up to follow some trade, but it is a rare thing in our upper and middle classes to find a boy who can even drive in a nail properly.

If you have no pity on your fellow-creature the schoolmaster, have some, at least, upon that being who is reputed to provide work for idle hands and idle minds, and impress upon Boy in his early days that time unemployed is a snare, a delusion, and a dangerous deceit.

Blackwood's Magazine.

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#### ART AND LETTERS.

In that dim and distant aeon  
Known as Ante-Mycenaean,  
When the proud Pelasgian still  
Bounded on his native hill,  
And the shy Iberian dwelt  
Undisturbed by conquering Celt,  
Ere from out their Aryan home  
Came the lords of Greece and Rome,  
Somewhere in those ancient spots  
Lived a man who painted Pots—  
Painted with an art defective,  
Quite devoid of all perspective,  
Very crude, and causing doubt  
When you tried to make them out,  
Men (at least they looked like that),  
Beasts that might be dog or cat,  
Pictures blue and pictures red,  
All that came into his head:  
Not that any tale he meant  
On the Pots to represent:  
Simply 'twas to make them smart,  
Simply Decorative Art.  
So the seasons onward hied,  
And the Painter-person died—  
But the Pot whereon he drew  
Still survived as good as new:  
Painters come and painters go,  
Art remains *in statu quo*.

*Art and Letters.*

When a thousand years (perhaps)  
 Had proceeded to elapse,  
 Out of Time's primeval mist  
 Came an Aetiologist:  
 He by shrewd and subtle guess  
 Wrote Descriptive Letterpress,  
 Setting forth the various causes  
 For the drawings on the vases,  
 All the motives, all the plots  
 Of the painter of the pots,  
 Entertained the nations with  
 Fable, Saga, Solar Myth,  
 Based upon ingenious shots  
 At the Purpose of the Pots,  
 Showing ages subsequent  
 What the painter really meant  
 (Which, of course, the painter hadn't;  
 He'd have been extremely saddened  
 Had he seen his meanings missed  
 By the Aetiologist).

Next arrives the Prone to Err  
 Very ancient Chronicler,  
 All that mythologic lore  
 Swallowing whole and wanting more,  
 Crediting what wholly lacked  
 All similitude of Fact,  
 Building on this wondrous basis  
 All we know of early races;  
 So the Past as seen by him  
 Furnished from its chambers dim  
 Hypothetical foundations  
 Whence succeeding generations  
 Built, as on a basis sure,  
 Branches three of Literature,  
 Social Systems four (or five),  
 Two Religions Primitive;  
 So that one may truly say  
 (Speaking in a general way)  
 All the facts and all the knowledge  
 Taught in School and taught in College,  
 All the books the printer prints—  
 Everything that's happened since—  
 Feels the influence of what  
 Once was drawn upon that Pot,  
 Plus the curious mental twist  
 Of that Aetiologist!  
 But the Pot that caused the trouble  
 Lay entombed in earth and rubble,  
 Left about in various places,

In the way that early races—  
Hittites, Greeks, or Hottentots—  
Used to leave important Pots;  
Till at length, to close the list,  
Came an Archæologist,  
Came and dug with care and pain,  
Came and found the Pot again:  
Dug and delved with spade and shovel,  
Made a version wholly novel  
Of the Potman's old design  
(Others none were genuine).  
Pots were in a special sense  
*Echt-Historisch* Documents:  
All who Error hope to stem  
Must begin by studying them;  
So the Public (which, he said,  
Had been grievously misled)  
Must in all things freshly start  
From his views of Ancient Art.  
All (the learned man proceeded)  
Otherwise who thought than he did,  
Showed a stupid, base, untrue,  
Obscurantist point of view;  
Men like these (the sage would say)  
Should be wholly swept away;  
They, and eke the faults prodigious  
Which beset their creeds religious,  
Render totally impure  
All their so-called Literature,  
Vitiate lastly in particular  
Pedagogues' effete curricula,—  
Just because they've quite forgot  
What was meant and what was not,  
By the Painter of the Pot!

. . . . .  
Pots are long and life is fleeting;  
Artists, when their subjects treating,  
Should be very, very far  
Carefuller than now they are.

The Cornhill Magazine.

A. D. Godley.

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#### THE BEGINNING AND END OF MUSIC.

Many endeavors have been made to define clearly the line of demarcation between man and the so-called lower animals. That he has a talent for running into debt, that he carries a handkerchief and wipes his nose with it, that he can read and write and edit newspapers—these and many other



facts have been taken as indications of man's superiority. None of the tests is wholly satisfactory. There is merely a difference in convenience between using a handkerchief and rubbing your nose, as a dog or a cat does, against a wall. Many animals are addicted to borrowing, only, like men, not meaning to pay back again, they, unlike men, are honest and regard it as thieving. The test of speech fails for animals, if they cannot talk, can communicate with each other. My five cats for instance—but no: that is for another day. The test of architecture fails, for foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; and even that pernicious monster the spider can construct fabrics that put to shame Galileo's tower and the Great Wheel. I don't know whether animals go in for poetry, the drama, painting and etching; but as we have it on Lewis Carroll's authority that eels study drawing, stretching and fainting in coils they probably do. In fine, I am driven to the conclusion that the only difference between the animal man and the other animals is that man has in the course of the ages become an adept in company-promoting and music. The thrush and the nightingale warble much as (I suspect) they did in the Garden of Eden; but our modern Jubals chant very differently from their great ancestor. Here, then, we have an excellent reason for studying music apart from any love we may have for the art.

Mr. Hermann Smith in his "The World's Earliest Music" (Reeves seeks to trace how our modern music grew from the first crude caterwaulings of our forbears—or rather, having with immense industry gathered all there is, I suppose, to be known about the instruments and music of the young world, he devotes one all too brief chapter to the transition stage which led to music becoming the art as we

know it. I confess to a very considerable ignorance, natural and acquired, of the ancient instruments; but it seems to me that Mr. Smith has got as near the truth as a twentieth-century mortal can. In many cases the exact forms and dimensions of the instruments are matters for pure conjecture, and, excepting the cases where the old music has persisted to the present day, the tunes which amused, consoled or aroused the fiery passions of the inhabitants of the earliest known world are and must always remain still more a matter for conjecture. Where the actual instruments are in existence one may accept Mr. Smith's reasonings; when he relies on pictures and sculptures one cannot but be a trifle doubtful. The painter tribe, where there is an opportunity of testing it, is not and never has been very exact in its representations of musical machines. It is true that a few pictures painted in and after the fifteenth century are surprisingly accurate and Mr. Dolmetsch, for one, has profited by them; but the very fact that these surprise us shows how little reliance is to be placed on the rest. You cannot induce a painter to draw an organ on which it would be possible to play a Bach fugue; and though in such masterpieces of sentimentality as "Her Mother's Voice" something resembling a grand piano is achieved, most of the pianos I have seen in pictures and book and magazine illustrations would require a system of fingering yet to be devised. When our civilization has passed away and the glories of Queen's Hall are unremembered, and the instruments we play on have crumbled into dust, I can imagine the spectacled archaeologists of that far-off time endeavoring to construct an organ or a piano from a drawing chance has preserved for them. Doubtless they will make something which will yield music of a sort; but I doubt very much

whether we should recognize the music as ours. And so in the case of many of the bygone peoples: we may make flutes and harps and what not, copying from their wall-paintings, but we can never be sure that we have got the true things. All is hazy speculation; and whatever hypotheses we may form, there is no means of ascertaining how far they are right and how far wrong.

And haziness is made doubly hazy, vagueness doubly vague, by our uncertainty as to the music of the elder world. Hardly any has been handed on to us, and what we have we cannot read accurately, and what we can read in a fashion our ears refuse to accept as music. Not by any effort to dissociate myself from the present and the music of the present can I hear that Hymn to Apollo, about which there was so much fuss a few years ago, as other than modern music perverted and out of tune. I remember trying hard one hot summer afternoon in S. James' Hall to fancy myself an ancient Greek without any clothes on and without any modern ideas of tonality and sense of modern scales. It was all to no purpose: simply I heard a succession of notes nearly enough alike to our music to sound disagreeably unmusical. Of course strange noises have passed and in places still pass for music; yet I doubt whether any old Greek would recognize the Hymn to Apollo as we read it. Still, one never knows. It is certain that they liked things that are horribly discordant to us.

It is not necessary to go back so far as the Greeks: the musicians of the middle ages regarded an accompaniment of fourths and fifths as sublimely beautiful. When the ancient music of a country survives to this day we can get a lesson that ought to make us very careful ere we believe, as Mr. Hermann Smith believes, that

one can deduce the nature of the music from the instruments on which it was played. I, for instance, once had an opportunity of trying some Egyptian instruments and succeeded in drawing forth sundry unpleasant sounds. But at the last Paris Exhibition there was an Egyptian opera and the music—played, I suppose, in the traditional way—was very different from all I had dreamed. A grand operatic finale in particular was most amazing. At first I heard nothing but a confused din, and it was only very gradually that I realized that the music—if it could be called music—was in genuine parts. Such an uproar I have never heard—not even when Covent Garden has done its worst with a Wagner chorus; yet I suppose it gave pleasure to native Egyptians accustomed to it all their lives. My point, however, is that no European could have deduced such music from a knowledge of the instruments; and I am suspicious as to a good deal that Mr. Smith says. But his book, if a trifle garrulous, is full of suggestion, and will be read with pleasure not only by music-lovers but also by those who care to learn how man came to separate himself by music from the other animals.

In skipping lightly across the ages and over continents we are struck by one fact. The instruments used in warm climates are all small compared with those of colder climates. The Eastern nations have no organs with five keyboards and two hundred stops; they do not even rise to the luxury of a grand piano. A simple pipe serves them, a harp with a few strings ravishes their senses. They have scarcely any harmony. Mr. Smith speaks of the harmony of the ancients and rather vaguely suggests that though undefined, not reduced to rule or indeed at all understood, it yet existed as the result of many players trying to play in unison and not quite

succeeding. Now it is not very generous thus to disparage our ancestors who cannot defend themselves, and since the human ear has not changed since history was first written there is no reason to suppose that the earliest musicians were more prone to get out of tune than is a good average violinist of to-day. Even if they did sometimes get a trifle off the note, it is incredible that any one of them should have got so far away as to produce anything approaching what we call harmony. Of course the people of those days could put up with strange noises and even find them agreeable; but I doubt whether they could find much that was lovely and lovable in a number of performers unable to play in unison. They did not want harmony; harmony is quite a modern invention and need. Harmony came with large bodies of singers, large instruments and above all large bodies of instrumentalists. Now I revert to the fact that in warm climates small instruments, incapable of producing harmonic effects, prevail and larger ones in cold climates. That is to say where people take their music out of doors they are content to have it very simple; whilst when it is heard indoors the ear seems to grow greedier and greedier for more and ever more fulness of tone until we get the stupendous musical structures of Beethoven and Wagner and such instruments as the modern grand piano and organs that merely deafen you with their din. Those who like to listen to music in the open know quite well what they are about. Outside little is gained and much is lost by the multiplication of instruments or by the employment of large ones. A guitar or mandolin on a lake makes a far more penetrating sound than a grand piano—as will have been noticed by everyone who has heard the piano played on a passing steam-launch.

If we have lost the old delight in

simple tune—so that an unaccompanied melody like that for the cor anglais in "Tristan" comes to us as a novelty—we have gained much. While unwilling to speak disrespectfully of the Egyptians, the Chinese, the Hindustanis and the Japanese—and each nation claims to have the most beautiful music in existence—I cannot resist the temptation to say that they lie. Such music as theirs cannot contain what ours does. It pleases them because so far as music is concerned they remain children finding pleasure in simple sensuous effects. That their scales are horrible to my ear does not greatly matter: in the course of a thousand years or so I dare say I should grow accustomed to them; and the main fact is that people do find pleasure in such music and that the music by reason of its structure or lack of structure cannot hold any serious content. Our highly elaborate music can and does. Every day it becomes more intricate, every day we try to express more difficult things. Where will it end? Must we have recourse to quarter-tones and eighths of tones? Not, I believe, for many a century. There are yet miracles to be worked with the twelve notes of our scale, and those who spend their time in working out its possibilities by means of long arithmetical calculations and prophesy that the end is near would be better employed in doing a little thinking. There are not many great melodies in the world. A melody has to be written many hundreds or thousands of times and as it were cast back again and again into the general melting pot until the lucky man comes along and by an inspired touch gives it its final form. There is not a great theme in existence that has not had many feeble fore-runners. Some of Beethoven's and Mozart's most marvellous melodies are only fragments of the scale transfigured by a divine touch. I am not

the least anxious about the future. We can no more guess at that than we can guess at the nature of the first

*The Saturday Review.*

music; but as yet there is no need for alarmed talk of exhausted resources.

*John F. Runciman.*

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### ARCHBISHOP DAVIDSON'S JOURNEY.

From many points of view the journey on which the Archbishop of Canterbury has started is charged with interest and with possibilities of usefulness. Its primary object is, in pursuance of a very cordial invitation received and accepted by the Archbishop, to present the salutations of the Church of England to the forthcoming Triennial Convention of the sister Church in the United States, and to enter into counsel with the prelates and other leading divines of that Communion on matters of common concern. The relations thus exhibited between the two Churches form a happy contrast to the state of things which prevailed during the Colonial period of the history of the United States. For more than a hundred and eighty years the Church of England as planted in America was allowed to carry on a truncated existence, essentially at variance with its own theories, both as to organization and ordinances. The blame for this rested by no means only on one set of shoulders. Among the Nonconformist Colonists there was doubtless much aversion from the strengthening of the Episcopalian interest, and the increase of its dependence upon England which, it was imagined, would ensue upon the reception of Bishops consecrated at home. And even among Colonial Churchmen there was probably not a little reluctance to acquiesce in the establishment of more systematic discipline, the powers for which, if not the persons endowed with them, would have their origin in the Mother-country. On the

other hand, devout and convinced Churchmen in the Colonies felt severely their altogether abnormal and inconsistent position, and there can be no excuse for the failure on the part of the Bishops at home to pay any continuous or practical attention to a situation so extremely unfavorable to the maintenance of any vigorous Church life among their fellow-countrymen across the ocean. When the war of Independence was over, it was not until the resolute Seabury of Connecticut, turning from the indifferent and timid Bishops of England, had obtained consecration from the non-juring Scottish prelates that the former recognized the necessity of acceding to the prayer for episcopal Orders pressed upon them by White and Provoost on behalf of the Churchmen of the Middle States. From the two lines of episcopal succession thus created descend the prelates who in October will welcome Archbishop Davidson at Boston. Several of them, of course, have attended Pan-Anglican Conferences at Lambeth, and in the invitation on which our Primate is now acting they have shown, as he is showing, the conviction that nothing but good can result from the greatest possible development of intimate relations between sister Communions. Each must have much to learn from the other. The conditions under which they have reached their present respective stages of growth afford many points of striking contrast, but the problems with which they have to deal are in many respects closely alike, and

certainly quite enough so for the experience gained in treating them to afford much reciprocally helpful light to members of both Churches. Among such problems are the limits of right and prudent comprehension in regard to diversities of doctrine and ritual in churches which, while protesting against what is conceived to be mediæval or modern error, cherish as of vital value Catholic formalaries of faith and Catholic traditions of organization and worship. Both Churches, again, must recognize as among their most essential functions the provision of guidance and inspiration towards the treatment of the tremendous social questions of our times, and especially those connected with the responsibilities of wealth to the community as a whole, and the relations between Capital and Labor.

No doubt the services rendered by the American Episcopal Church in grappling with these great human problems are limited by its size. It does not possess any of the numerical preponderance in the States which is enjoyed by the Church of England here. But it holds, we believe, a high place in the respect and good-will of the American people, as comprising among its membership an important representation of religious thought, at once reverent and liberal, and religious purpose, at once strenuous, sober, and enlightened; and as standing, with emphasis, for that spontaneous attachment to historic continuity, that love of liberty combined with order and a touch of stateliness, which are the special marks of the Anglo-Saxon race in the religious, not less than in the secular, sphere. There is a great part for such a Church to fill in the development of the life of the mighty democracy of the West, alike in its domestic and in its lately realized Imperial aspects. No member of the English Church can fail to be glad that

through the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury sympathy and interest are to be definitely manifested from here in the work and aspirations of the sister Communion, and none of us can fail to feel that in the intercourse thus advanced we shall gain at least as much as we shall give. It is not, however, merely as the spiritual chief of the Church of England visiting the American Episcopal Church that the Archbishop will be seen in the States, but as the most prominent official representative of English Christianity. The occupant of the chair of St. Augustine personifies as no one else can the most sacred part of that heritage which is held in common by the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Whatever divisions, civil and ecclesiastical, have come in long-subsequent centuries, none of them can ever forget that they received their religion from common sources, and that for many ages their life, both spiritual and secular, flowed on in one unbroken stream. Herein, with the common possession of language, literature, and law, lie influences of most potent force, if not for the ultimate re-welding of a single national life, yet for the building up of a friendship and brotherhood which, under reasonable guidance, should attain an indissoluble strength.

Towards that happy consummation the Archbishop's journey is one of those events which are calculated to form a sensible contribution. Visiting the States on an errand which will excite general interest and sympathy—for the inter-ecclesiastical jealousies, of which too much is seen and felt here, have little, if any, place in the American Republic—the Archbishop will inevitably be brought into touch, in the most favorable circumstances, with many of the most influential leaders of American thought; and being the statesman, as well as excellent Churchman, that he is, such intercourse on his part can-



not fail to be of service towards the promotion of that increasing mutual understanding in influential quarters on both sides of the ocean which is of vital value to international friendship. Meanwhile, before the visit to the States actually begins, the Primate passes first direct from New York to Canada, where his presence at the hundredth anniversary of the consecration of the Anglican Cathedral at Quebec will be a much-valued as-

*The Spectator.*

surance of the deep interest of English Churchmen at home in all that works for the welfare of their brother Churchmen in the Dominion. This visit to Canada is very happily timed, and will contribute both to the strengthening of inter-Imperial ties and to the growth of happy relations between our North American fellow-subjects and their kindred in the great neighboring Republic.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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It is proposed to found a Lectureship in Literature in Cambridge University in memory of the late Leslie Stephen.

Mrs. Meynell has undertaken to edit for Mr. Grant Richards's "Smaller Classics" a selection from the poems of Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, and Treherne. It will appear under the title of "The Mystics" (seventeenth century).

"Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop" is the title decided upon by Anne Warner for her book of Susan Clegg stories, some of which are now appearing in *The Century*. Little, Brown & Co. will publish the book in the fall.

Spain is preparing to celebrate the tercentenary of "Don Quixote" next year with great ceremony, and a number of new editions of Don Quixote may be anticipated in connection with the event. Already one is announced in London—Motteux's translation, revised, with Lockhart's life and notes.

Joseph Conrad's English-sounding name must have perplexed many peo-

ple who know that he is a Pole. His full baptismal title is Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski. When he was a sailor on an English merchantman Mr. Conrad found his messmates incapable of pronouncing his cognomen, and therefore dropped it.

"Miriam; or, The Sin of David" is the correct title of the new play by Mr. Stephen Phillips, which was at first announced as "David and Bathsheba." The theme is clearly indicated by the title, but the play opens in Cromwell's army, instead of in Jerusalem, and runs its course during the English Civil War.

Hon. Emily Lawless, author of the new life of Maria Edgeworth in *The English Men of Letters Series*, is herself an Irishwoman, the eldest daughter of the third Baron Cloncurry, and the author of various novels, poems and books relating to Ireland. As long ago as 1886 she published a historical sketch entitled "The Story of Ireland," and in 1901 she fell in with the fashion for garden literature with "A Garden Diary." Her home is Hazelhatch in Surrey.

The Academy remarks:

The German Shakespeare Gesellschaft is offering a prize of 30*l.* for the best account of the arrangements of the stage of the Shakespearean theatre, as shown in the dramas of that time. It is unfortunate that the essays must be written in German. Competitors must send in their work not later than March 15, 1905. Why does not the London Shakespeare League offer a prize for some such essay? Say, "On the Social Customs and Manners of Londoners," as described in Shakespeare's plays?

"A Ladder of Swords" which the Harpers are soon to publish is the first novel which Sir Gilbert Parker has written since "The Right of Way." It is a love story, the scenes laid in the time of Elizabeth, whose royal figure enters into the story. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "The Lady of Loyalty House" which is also on the Harper list, is a love story laid in the very earliest days of the civil war in England, in the autumn of 1642. In this story also there is a royal figure, that of King Charles.

In "The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker," John Strange Winter, paints, with agreeable blending of satire and sympathy, the portrait of the conventional philanthropist, middle-aged, stout, and pompous, and reaching the culmination of her renown as President of the Society for the Regeneration of Woman. The little vanities of dress and manner to which she turns, when she suddenly becomes suspicious that her personality is less effective at home than on the platform, are humorously described, and the readableness of the book is not impaired by the shrewd and sensible suggestions incidentally conveyed. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

A faculty for recording the things that it would occur to no one else to

set down and that posterity would delight in knowing seems to have run in the family of the Pepys. A distant kinsman of the great diarist, at any rate, Sir William Weller Pepys, has left behind him in his letters a monument which Wraxall declared would keep Sir William's name alive so long as letters and the charm of conversation claim remembrance. Sir William differs somewhat however from the great diarist in this, that he possessed a mind which could always afford to think aloud. Mr. John Lane is preparing to issue shortly the correspondence of this later Pepys, 1758-1825.

Mr. Stanley Weyman, who in his story "The Long Night" made use of incidents in the history of Geneva, has received a gratifying present from several prominent citizens of that city in the shape of an address and a bronze statuette of Calvin. Here is one paragraph from the address:

The statuette of Calvin is no unbecoming ornament for the writing table of one whose works, like yours, are founded on that vast Anglo-Saxon influence which has in every part of the world cherished the religious and political views of the Reformer, views of faith and liberty which have become for you the foundation and the inspiration of your art.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. will issue early in the autumn a collection of "Errata" in the "Dictionary of National Biography," which has been compiled by Mr. Sidney Lee mainly from corrections and suggestions forwarded to the publishers and editors during the publication of the work, or since its completion. Mrs. Murray Smith intends to present copies of the "Errata" to all subscribers to the "Dictionary" who make application. The "Errata" will be available in two forms: either in a bound volume, to range with the volumes of the "Dictionary," or in a

portfolio of unbound sheets, which will permit the insertion separately in each volume of the corresponding list of *errata*.

The eleventh and twelfth volumes of Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert's delightful monographs upon the Historic Highways of America (The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland) are devoted to Pioneer Roads and the experiences of travellers thereon. The first of these volumes describes the evolution of American highways from the Indian trail to the macadamised turnpike, with the Lancaster turnpike as an example, and describes Zane's Trace and the famous Maysville Pike. The second volume describes the Old Northwestern Turnpike, the Genesee Road and the Catskill Turnpike. Both volumes are diversified by passages from the memoirs of travellers upon these highways,—Charles Dickens among others,—which add piquancy and a personal flavor. There are maps and other illustrations.

The early English Text Society has now ready for its members its first two books in its Original Series for this year: "Twenty-six Political and other Poems," from the Digby MS. 102, &c., with Introduction and Glossary, Part I., edited by Dr. John Kail; and "An Alphabet of Tales" in Northern English, about 1440 A.D., translated from the "Alphabetum Narrationum" of Etienne de Besançon, Part I., A—H, edited by Mrs. Mary M. Banks. With these will go out three texts for last year: for the Original Series, the "Laud Troy-Book," edited from the

unique MS. Laud 595, by Dr. J. Ernst Wülfing, Part II., completing the text; for the Extra Series, Part II. of Lydgate's "Reason and Sensuality," edited from the unique MS. by Dr. Ernst Sieper; and "English Fragments from Latin Mediæval Service-Books," edited by Henry Littlehales.

One of the most striking things about the old book, "Letters from an American Farmer," reprinted by Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, is the love of nature with which it is redolent. In one quaint passage the Pennsylvania farmer of 1782 tells how he seats his little son on the handle of his plough, much as a modern father might give his boy a ride on the fork of his bicycle, and describes the lad's sensations as follows:

"Often when I plough my low ground, I place my little boy on a chair which screws to the beam of the plough—Its motion and that of the horses please him; he is perfectly happy and begins to chat. As I lean over the handle, various are the thoughts which crowd into my mind. I am now doing for him, I say, what my father formerly did for me. May God enable him to live, that he may perform the same operations for the same purposes when I am worn out and old. I relieve his mother of some trouble while I have him with me. The odoriferous furrow exhilarates his spirits, and seems to do the child a great deal of good, for he looks more blooming since I have adopted that practice. Can more pleasure, more dignity, be added to that primary occupation? The father thus ploughing with his child, and to feed his family, is inferior only to the Emperor of China ploughing as an example to his kingdom.

### THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Vain is the breath that fills the trump  
of Fame!

The world upon its way  
Scarce taketh note of the once dreaded  
name  
Of him who died to-day.

Yet this was he whose little realm so  
late

Our utmost power defied:  
The country clown who matched his  
peasant State  
Against an Empire's pride.

Ah! let the past's unhappy memories  
sleep!

Those bitter years have fled;  
And 'tis our wholesome English way  
to keep  
No quarrel with the dead.

Moreover, in our so much slandered  
land,

Be it said in her defence,  
Age, exile, and misfortune still com-  
mand  
Instinctive reverence.

These his best titles to our homage are:  
And as it passes, lo!

England inclines her head before the  
car

That bears her ancient foe.

*Edward Sydney Tylee.*

The Spectator.

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### THE WOOD OF SILENCE.

In the Wood of Silence everything goes  
wrong.

Very deep the shade is, and hushed  
with joyous song;

The heart slings on the highway and in  
the field of sheaves.

Who could lift a song to such a roof of  
leaves?

In the upland valley the lovers danced  
and sang,

Down beside the river still their  
laughter rang.

Then they crossed the cornfield, passed  
the white-barred gate,  
And knew the Wood of Silence where  
the shadows wait.

Once within its darkness came the sud-  
den change.

Each, quick-glancing sideways, found  
the other strange.

They forgot the wind there and the  
sun above:

In the Wood of Silence comes the end  
of love.

Out upon the roadway with the Wood  
behind

Still they felt its magic hold their  
spirits blind;

Though they strove with laughter to  
mask each hidden thought,

Nothing could unravel the spell the  
shadows wrought.

Not the falling sunset nor the falling  
light,

As the hill they mounted, brought so  
deep a night.

Darkness all about them, darkness in  
the heart,

Hand in hand they journeyed, all a  
world apart.

Nevermore together to stand as they  
had stood

Watching for the dryads in the En-  
chanted Wood;

Or to tread the winding road and hear  
the lark above:

In the Wood of Silence came the end of  
love.

*E. C.*

The Athenaeum.

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### A WRECK.

Long-rolling surges of a falling sea,  
Smiting the sheer cliffs of an unknown  
shore;

And by a fanged rock, swaying help-  
lessly,

A mast with broken cordage—nothing  
more.

*Lewis Morris.*

